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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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BARON CORVO AT THE BEGINNING AND END OF HIS CAREER
Left, Fr. Rolfe, during his period of training at the Scots College; right, the outcast Baron, about 1908.

Two Kinds of Magic

BLACK GOD: A Story of the Congo. By D. Manners-Sutton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by EMILY HAHN

THIS book has a quality which cannot be collected into a word, nor even into a phrase to grace the publisher's jacket in a neat paragraph. Starting off with deceptive simplicity it leads the reader into a tangle of mysticism and realism. In plainer words, magic and commonsense reportorial writing take their turns until one is in the state of mind expressed by M. Lafontaine . . . " 'I feel that my skin is turning black,' he said."

Chembi is a town in the Belgian Congo near the Lualaba River. It has grown with the suddenness of most African towns: the square houses of the white men have appeared within the memory both of the old priest who heads the Marist Mission on the hill and of M'Kato, who sits all day on the banks of the Little River, waiting for the revenge promised him by his magic. Father Domenique himself is only one of the idle world as it passes before M'Kato, who long ago lost his hands by order of a white man. Ever since he has waited there, practising throwing an assegai with his foot against the day he is so confident will come, when his enemy will arrive at the opposite bank of the Little River.

Actually the book is more than it seems at first, a series of short stories linked by a common background containing the patient, terrible figure of M'Kato. There is struggle in it, formless at the beginning, growing in intensity until the explosion in the story of the Black Master. African magic fights European magic. The witch-doctor works his spells over crossed bones burning in the fire, and ignores the missionaries on the other side of the river. The Baptist and his wife struggle in their severely clean house to gather converts; occasionally there are sharp encounters with the Catholics. The Marist Brothers work out their own destinies. The Sisters at the hospital toil bravely and blindly and bovinely, as though they were carrying on their good work in Brussels instead of in Chembi. Then two black Resurrection Women visit Chembi and go away with

(*Continued on page* 91)

Tracking Down a Literary Mystery

THE QUEST FOR CORVO. An experiment in biography. By A. J. A. Symons. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SHANE LESLIE

AT last a book has appeared which a select few have been awaiting as a feat in literary impossibility for many years. Who was Corvo? the Baron Corvo—as he wished to be termed by the immortals whereas mortal men knew him as Frederick Rolfe, one of the mysteries of the nineties, who in his life and letters out-Oscared Oscar but fell amiss of fame and craving fiercely for renown and beauty died in misery, squalor, and penury as a gondolier at Venice in 1913? Of the sadness of his morality and the despairs into which he fell his biographer writes unflinchingly, but it is in literature, not psychology, that Corvo is unique. In two senses the style of Baron Corvo haunts his period. Was he a Baron? Was he a writer? He made his bid for the literary laurels in the *Yellow Book* but fell therefrom into a more sulphurous plane. The strange thing was that he remained so utterly unknown, although to many men and varied he was always remembered as the most weird, the most unpleasant, the most interesting, or the most fascinating man each had ever met; such men were Harry Pirie-Gordon, Mr. Champion, the socialist leader; Father De Vere Beauclerk, the veteran Jesuit; Professor Dawkins, Monsignor Hugh Benson, Grant Richards, the publisher; Dr. Hardy, late Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and Dr. G. G. Coulton, the medievalist.

Mr. A. J. A. Symons has flitted feverishly between the survivors of those who knew Corvo in the flesh and the scattered papers of those who have since joined him in the Purgatory which he inflicted on his best friends on earth. Take his astounding relations with Monsignor Benson, to whom he directed a vitriolic post card daily, or his outrageous outburst of enmity with Grant Richards, and his unfailing ability to nail the hand that fed him.

In the first decade of this century few

(*Continued on page* 94)

Books of Escape*

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

ON a desk probably similar to Lamb's barren mahogany, and very near to the scene of his long servitude to the East India Company in Leadenhall Street, I myself used to attend to indents and make out bills of lading. In Lamb's day, and in mine, as it is now, that street was occupied by shipping companies. Its emblem could be the Red Ensign. (How many voyagers who make holiday in luxury liners, because of a curiously late delight in ships and the sea, would know an indent or a bill of lading if they saw one?) Anyhow, the opportunity came to me quite early in life to learn the names of many ships, and to know that the lure of some fabulous places, such as Pentan and Zipangu, was in the office atlas. The ships had good names, and it was fun to inscribe them boldly in the document, so it is now easy to remember them: *Thyatira, Blackadder, Euterpe, Charlotte Padbury, Brier Holme, Loch Garry, Duchalburn, Dharwar*—but this had better stop. Those names appear no longer in *Lloyd's List*, so this is folly. It means nothing except the past.

I can only plead that they were more than fine names to me. They were veritable ships. I saw them at their moorings. Frequently I had to go to the docks to learn why a mate's receipt for cargo was delayed, or to make sure that a consignment had arrived. During the years of these visits to the quays and jetties I became acquainted with Nannie the witch, the figurehead of the *Cutty Sark*. Her face was a ghastly white—but then, so were the faces of all the fetiches at the prows of deep-water ships; cheeks should be rosy only with the guardian effigies of coasting craft. There was Nannie, and there were very many other attractive idols. You were bound to speculate whether the tutelary image at the bows of the *Harriet McGregor*, for example, was at all like the real Harriet. And who was she? The image of *Helen Denny* interested this boy, who stayed the urgency of his errand, under a bowsprit, to wonder.

I recall that remarkable character, Captain Simpson, master of the *Samuel Plimsoll*, who was with James Anthony Froude in *Oceana;* and there were many more such men, admirable to a lad, for they were solidly masculine and assured of their strength and recondite art. And there was much else. There were the East, West and South West India Docks, all so full of sailing craft that you might have to walk past nearly a mile of bowsprits, dodging cases, crates, and barrels on the move, looking at each ship's bows till you found the name you wanted. If you saw one there today you would be lucky. I knew the *Torrens* when Joseph Conrad was one of her officers, but he did not distinguish her then. She was more remarkable because she had been completely dismasted when outward bound on the previous voyage. And there perhaps is the mystery of all experience. What is of first importance, among the great and small things that impress you on the day when you are busy among them, is usually unnoticed; or maybe you do give it a second puzzled glance, on instinct. Only time will bring it out.

But I do not return to that old mahogany desk to look over it for what I missed to see then in the right way, while it was my desk. I am thinking now of a periodical, quarto size, with orange covers, which was renewed upon it weekly, and reported the name of every ship then loading in the Thames, the port to which she was bound, her tonnage, her class in Lloyd's Register, her captain, her loading brokers, and the date of her departure. I gave that periodical attention as close—and for no better reason—as I gave to Ballantyne's "Ungava" and "The Young Fur Traders." I used to choose my voyage every week. That took time—the firm's time. There was a wide selection of ships and ports; though I am sure it would be thought a list meagre today by those who hesitate because of the variety and attractions of holiday cruises. There was no holiday cruising then. Voyaging was a serious affair. There was no wireless. There was steam, it is true, but that about exhausted all the facilities which then were modern. The port you desired might not be served by a steamer. Steamers were in the list, but they did not go everywhere, as they do this week.

Events, changes in common opinion, inventions, revolutions, make the differences for us; time is nothing. Men were using flint implements for about fifty thousand years. The war blew us straight into another era; and here we are, rather dishevelled and surprised, with decks and gear and lots of other conditions which would dumbfound not only Drake's men; they are more than a little puzzling to us.

For that very reason, though I have never made a voyage for pleasure, I think the modern desire to go to sea for fun must be all to the common good. The world has to be explored anew. Perhaps Columbus had an easier task in adding a continent to the earth than we have in discovering quickening ideas for all the

* This article will constitute one of the sketches in H. M. Tomlinson's "South to Cadiz" shortly to be published by Harper & Bros.

This Week

SIR RICHARD STEELE
By WILLARD CONNELY
Reviewed by Charles David Abbott

THE TRANCE
By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

THESE HURRYING YEARS
By GERALD HEARD
Reviewed by Frank H. Simonds

ROME FOR SALE
By JACK LINDSAY
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

PAPA PASQUIER
By GEORGES DUHAMEL
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

CHEAPJACK
By PHILIP ALLINGHAM
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

"ME VOY AL SUR"
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MARY AUSTIN
By ELIZABETH [redacted]PLEY SERGEANT

Next Week or Later

FREEDOM VERSUS ORGANIZATION
By BERTRAND RUSSELL
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

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continents. I believe that if the whole population of some industrial cities, down on their luck, could be shipped out for a sight of The Narrows, beyond Para, or were taken one sunrise between the volcanoes, peaks lost in the clouds, which guard the narrow channel leading from the Java Sea to the Indian Ocean, Bali to starboard, Lombok to port, they might bring back a recollection of the light they saw, of the glory of the earth, which would help to dissolve the dark problems of home; our difficulties would become the less dark, and our mills not so satanic; opinions would be levitated, become less sad and congested. Yet so large an enterprise, for the revelation of the possibilities latent about us, is past praying for, as well as paying for.

Those of us who are in the habit of exploring literature—some long voyages out of soundings may be made that way—know that intellectual critics will describe some excellent reading-stuff, and with hauteur which dismisses it from further notice, as "books of escape." They mean, I suppose, that those books are a form of cowardice; attempts to get away from reality to the Isle of No-Land. On that plea, those critics made an attempt to push Stevenson out of our sight. But, if their charge is just, away too goes "The Pilgrim's Progress." Is not that a book of escape? It looks as though much depends on what is meant by reality.

A worthy definition of Reality, honestly attempted, would keep an intellectual critic so long brooding with a wet towel that we might despair of getting so much as a mumbled and indistinct reply from him. For all novels, at least, are means by which we can escape from the insistent present, perhaps only to meet worse trouble. If those novels truly are books, and give the mind a sense of precipitancy and danger, then they must have been done by poets who had freed themselves from whatever has us in bond; books, not so much of escape, as of release. When Melville went to sea in a whaler, to get marooned in the South Seas, he did that, its possibilities may be divined by an imaginative man who is confined all his days to a banker's desk or a farmer's fields, but for most of us the release of the thoughts from whatever immures them—the narrowness of our task, the oppression of memory, misfortune, or anxiety—comes more readily through going up a ship's gangway. That certainly gives the illusion of severance, even when you have become used to it.

And more, the smell of a ship, the unfamiliar camber of the foothold, the strange sounds you hear even before she is under way outside in the wind and light, the quiet and seclusion of the cabin, your introduction to the steward, a stranger who knows so well what you do not that he guesses what you want before you are aware of it, no more than little things of that sort, in memory afterwards, are enough to draw you to sea again. For once, you are surprised by your own identity. You hear from yourself again after having supposed you were quite lost in the confusion of the multitude; you have a chance to measure the values of things in relation to your own integrity, which was vague and negative amid the distractions and restlessness of affairs in the city. Even books, in a ship, either gain in value or lose. It has to be a good book which can maintain its value beside the lamp of a ship's berth at midnight—the best time and place in all the world for reading, for me—for the mind is apart and at rest, and there is no sound but a murmuring which might be that of the destined universe. You feel for once that if the truth of things did actually show on the printed page, you would know it instantly. I once forgot the heat of the Red Sea in a ship's berth, and in the middle watch, with a volume I should not have looked at ashore, the Admiralty Directions for Pilots in those very waters; somehow I felt not only like Sindbad with the wonders about me, but that I was being shown the proper way to relate them.

There is something about a voyage you are barely aware of while you are making it. The light you get at sea never fades. It is not only revealing; it has a suggestion of imperishable origin. You bring a reflection of it ashore with you, without knowing it. You never packed it, but you have it. It is absurd to suppose that voyages for discovery are over. We have not to begin where James Cook and Robert Scott ended.

There are regrets that the pioneers have left nothing for us to do; all the islands are found, the poles have been reached, and the summit of Everest has heard the roar of an aero engine adding to the voice of its eternal wind. But all that is only the beginning. Now we have peeped into every corner of the globe, to see what is there, we have to learn what is best to do with it, and that needs as much selfless enterprise, and probably a greater effort of the imagination, than planning a flight over the Himalayas and persuading an engine to the task.

We are not likely to learn so much on one pleasure cruise, it is true, but what the world wants now, as much as anything, is to calm down a little. At the very time when its excitability is even morbid it has awkward problems to solve that are not likely to untangle except to minds at ease. Some of us, when the tangle of affairs, if not insoluble, at least compels a groan, have been in the habit of dropping it, and idling down to the quays, looking for a ship. Matters will be different when viewed in a sea light. They will ease away. They will lessen; the perspective is changed there. Melville, in the first chapter of his great romance, describes all that in humor extravagantly sad. Yet there is truth in his wild fun; even so, we had better not do as he did, and ascend the ladder of a whaler. That would be over-doing it. It would be foolish to add the awful problem of the White Whale to our normal difficulties. The pursuit of that monster leads to a voyage without end; and we want one rather shorter than that. The usual gangway for us, to be met by a friendly quartermaster, and no shipmate such as Ahab!

And experience tells us that, however short the voyage, we never lose all the shine of it. We get something for which we did not pay. There was that wild sunset in the Western Ocean, with something of fear in the overfall of big waters, and yet briefly, after the sun had gone, we thought we saw the assuring glow of our own living planet. Or the approach, stealthily, with the engines slowed, to the still apparition of a strange city at dawn; or the bearing of seamen, ordinary fellows, when there was a sudden call on nerves and skill; or the surprise of a tropical landfall, so fragile and filamentous that it was hardly believable till the master cried "Let go," and the cable shook reality solidly about us. A reflection from such a scene is never lost; nor is it only the memory of a pleasing experience. Its virtue is that it helps us afterwards to see the day's affairs in a long view.

Incomparable Dick

SIR RICHARD STEELE. By Willard Connely. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

NO lover of the eighteenth century could fail to appreciate this book. It is long and solid, so rich in detail as to be, at times, almost heavy, and yet so compact of humor and enthusiasm that only the most anaemic of esthetes could call it dull. It is now forty-five years since Aitken, "that major-general of research," as Mr. Connely calls him, provided the world of letters with a compendious life of Sir Richard Steele. His was a full and authoritative work, to which this new biography gratefully pays homage. It is, however, no sin of supererogation for Mr. Connely, in his own vein of gusty but learned liveliness, to reinterpret Aitken's solemn array of facts and to add whatever details more recent delving has unearthed. Of these new findings, few are of more than minor significance, but among them are many that serve to increase the general air of hilarity that ought, by right, to surround a man of the Tatler's stamp.

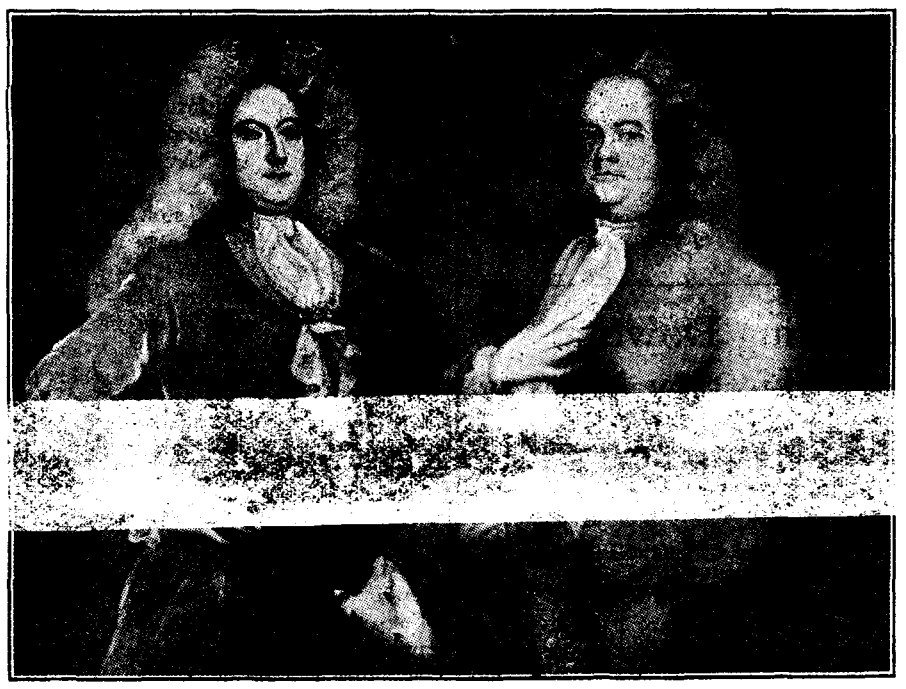
Dick Steele was the most human and natural of the great Augustan writers. The others were each somehow abnormal or eccentric. Addison was too primly respectable, Pope too ruthlessly vindictive, Swift too morbidly egotistical. They may, each for his own remarkable talents, command no end of admiration, but they can hardly compel the affection of their admirers. Steele was, perhaps, less great than any of these, and yet he alone possessed the qualities that go to the making of a lovable character.

About him there was nothing narrow. He was as expansive as his own debts, and just as no accretion of income could diminish these, so could no superfluity of interests damp his ardors. He was always splendidly alive. In politics, in journalism, in the theater, in business, in love, in drinking bouts, he was inevitably the leader. His joviality, as he poured it into every walk of his life, knew no bounds. In such lucubrations as "The Christian Hero," that guide-book to practical morality, he could repent, for the moment, with almost as much gusto as he could sin. His wooings were rapid and vivid: the first brought him an unrealizable and very troublesome fortune in the Barbadoes; the second and more passionate brought him Prue, whom he adored in his boisterous fashion, and who nagged and scolded as she bore him child after child. The naggings were bootless, however; nothing, not even wifely adjurations, could strengthen Dick's virtues or weaken his vices, but he was always ready with one of his brief epistolary fondnesses:

> Dear Prue, I am come from a committee where I have been charman (*sic*), and drank too much. I have the head Ach and should be glad you would come to me in good humour, which would always banish any uneasiness of temper from, Dear Prue, your Fond Fool of a Husband.

He was extravagant and wasteful, not only of Prue's substance but also of his own talents and energies. He gave all that he had to each of his enthusiasms—to his friendship with Addison, which began in schooldays and outlasted even Addison's frigidity and greater worldly success; to the Whigs, whether in or out of power, for whom he suffered expulsion from the House of Commons, and from whom he received nothing like his just deserts; to the theater of Drury Lane where his own plays were acted, of which he was a manager, and which he served constantly with his knowledge and his influence; to the whole long series of his journalistic ventures, of which *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* were the most noteworthy and most long-lived; even to the promotion of his company for constructing fish-pools whereby live codfish could be supplied to London housewives at a reasonable price. He frequently failed, but no failure could leave him pessimistic. His vigor carried him through, dauntless and still jovial. Unflinchingly loyal, hearty, and honest, he blustered his way through life, making up with sheer courage whatever he lacked of finesse. He is a prime example of that rugged, full-bodied, eminently sane Englishman that John Bull is supposed to represent.

The great merit of Mr. Connely's book is that it presents Steele both as a public figure and as a private man, without for a moment losing sight of the essentials that made the important henchman of Lord Halifax and the agitated author of "The Crisis" identical with the seducer of Tonson's daughter and Prue's wastrel of a husband. Mr. Connely sought, he says, for five years "to know Steele as a human



ADDISON AND STEELE ABOUT 1712

From an unpublished painting, reproduced in "Sir Richard Steele" by courtesy of the Governors of Chetham's Hospital and Library, Manchester.

Charles David Abbott, until recently on the faculty of the University of Colorado, has just accepted an appointment to the University of Buffalo. He is an authority on the literature and history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and has done special work on Napoleon.

The Trance

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

IN middle life, that time of highest light,
When under every object clings its shade,
I fell into an apathy of sight
From looking at the pattern overlaid

Across the earth, the dazzling bright and dark
Complexity, the strange elaborate braid,
The tattoo, good and evil, heavy mark
Like that long twist the Snake in Eden made

When he through pure pale leaves ran mazy lines.
The diamond back of evil in all things
Copies that mark, its multiple designs
And still he falls along our earth in rings.

Such webby tangle in all earth's array!
My apathy like any shadow clings
To all the happy objects of high day.
Before the snake the bird shuts down its wings.

Only declining sun or hazy eye
Can help indelible lines to shift or fade.
Then can the rigid bird come to and fly
Into the wave of the oncoming shade.

Himself, he has no shadow—belly tight
He skims our land and under him no shade.
It is the sun, the very bliss of light
That gives the shadow out of dazzle made.

His coils are melancholy. Heavy snake
Crawl off a little way a little while!
When shall I from this reptile slumber wake,
Move, salute the sun and smile.

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Macaulay of the Microphone

THESE HURRYING YEARS: An Historical Outline. 1900-1933. By Gerald Heard. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

IT is clear that what Mr. Heard is here attempting to do is to combine the separate arts of the historian and of the broadcaster. His obvious ambition is to be the Macaulay of the microphone. What he achieves is something vaguely recalling Fred Allen's "Only Yesterday" and much more exactly repeating the weekly reviews of *Time*. He is, as his book indicates, a master of the technique of the radio and also a skilful manipulator of the swift, condensed, and epigrammatic phrase which is the necessary detail of what one may describe as the literature of the air.

The merits of the method and of the style are obvious and there can be small question that listening to Mr. Heard over the radio would be at once stimulating and enjoyable, at least when he is discussing current events and more particularly questions that fall within his immediate field, which is that of scientific discovery. Applied to less recent happenings, employed to illustrate and illuminate the history of the years between 1900 and 1934, this fashion is less fortunate.

The explanation is simple. The business of the broadcaster is to capture his audience instantaneously, hold it continuously, and leave it with the "knockout" phrase which exactly coincides with the expiration of his time. Events have therefore to be dramatized, colored, marshalled in such fashion as to produce a vivid impression rather than to convey any notion of what actually occurred. What the listener actually gets is the report of how events should have happened to suit the needs of the radio. But of course history does not happen that way and the result is distortion.

My quarrel with Mr. Heard is perhaps the natural quarrel of the reporter with the dramatist. His book is a description of men and events over a period during which I have been interviewing the men and reporting the events, and in his narrative neither are recognizable to me. On the contrary, both have been "built up" until what results is comparable with a Hollywood version of any novel translated to the film. The film may be good or bad, but the fact is that the novel has largely disappeared. Such a transformation becomes more serious, too, when one is dealing with history.

There is, moreover, another vice in this radio technique. And this is the inevitable tendency to seize upon the propaganda interpretation of an event and use it as a realistic explanation. And in our times, when the propaganda machine of every nation is at work translating everything that happens into endorsements or indictments, justifications or condemnations, the distortions are beyond exaggeration. History becomes drama, the actors become heroes or villains, the outcome is high virtue or low vice.

Let me give an illustration of this, because it occurs over and over in this book.

"In May, 1915," Mr. Heard writes, "Italy was bought on the Allied side. She had been frank. The highest bidder should have her hand and sword." Now what actually happened was that Austria held in Trieste and the Trentino upwards of three quarters of a million of people who were Italian by race. These lands and peoples had been Italian Irredenta for half a century. What the Italian government did was to offer not its sword but its neutrality as the price of Austrian cession of this territory. When that cession was refused —Prince Bülow tells the story in his own memoirs—Italy joined the Allies, on their assurance that she should have her Irredenta after victory.

Mr. Heard's picture is that of a street walker among the nations selling her favors indiscriminately. Actually, however, the sole direct concern of Italy was to complete her national unification and it was undeniably a legitimate concern. Wisely her government sought to achieve that end without war, but it never offered to fight with Germany against the Allies if it received Trieste and the Trentino.

The propaganda detail crops up in Mr. Heard's description of the German attack upon Verdun in 1916. He writes—

> Strands of the meshes broke but the Retiarian defender had only to throw more nets over the stumbling aggressor until the attack collapsed in a squalor of destruction beyond anything humanity had so far achieved in the whole history of violence. The French lost 350,000, the Germans 500,000.

Now, in point of fact, the idea of Verdun as a "trap" into which Joffre lured the stupid Germans was the interpretation Allied propaganda gave to the operation at the time and everyone was deceived by it. But actually the German strategy after the first attack just missed success, was to "bleed the French white" by subjecting them to persistent pounding. Their situation tactically was such that they were bound to suffer heavier losses than the Germans and they did. Mangin, who played a conspicuous role there, reports in his "Comment Finit La Guerre" that up to the end of June the French killed numbered 156,000, the wounded and evacuated 243,000, that is 399,000 irrespective of the captured which must certainly have brought the total up to 450,000. By contrast, in the same time the German losses were less than half.

The German offensive at Verdun, while it failed to take the city, inflicted a terrible wound upon the French army, cut down the French participation in the Somme offensive decisively, and was one of the major causes of the mutinies and disorders in the French army in the summer of 1917 after the defeat at the Aisne. After Verdun, the French army was never the same. But for the purposes of radio history, just as drama is best served by presenting Italy as a prostitute, it is similarly advantaged by making Germany the stupid, hulking creature baited and netted by the clever adversary.

Perhaps I may be permitted one more illustration. Concerning General Pershing Mr. Heard says—

> So May saw another smash, this time at Soissons, and till June the German last agony drove against the pricks. This was partly due to the United States stubbornly refusing to be amalgamated under Foch, Pershing (its commander) declaring that he would see the front back at the Loire rather than put his men in the hands of the French.

What actually happened was that after the defeat of the British Fifth Army in March, Lloyd George and Foch tried to persuade Pershing to let his soldiers be used as replacements to fill the gaps in the British and French ranks, although the British had large reserves in England. He refused, but he did send his green divisions to hold quiet sectors on both the British and the French fronts and his combat troops to fight with both armies under foreign command. And it was not until after the victory of July, when the tide had turned, that he undertook to create a separate American army.

As for telling his fellow soldiers he would see the Allied ranks behind the Loire rather than his own troops under French command, that of course is sheer nonsense. Pershing has told the true story of the Abbéville Conference in his own book and no one has ever questioned his version. It was, at the moment, the British and not the French, who were pressing the issue. Pershing was not refusing to lend them all of his divisions until the immediate crisis was over. And while he was capable of telling both Lloyd George and Foch that he would see them in hell before he would surrender his troops for cannon fodder under alien command as mere replacements, he actually offered the Allies everything at the moment when Ludendorff smashed Gough in March and when the Loire came up in the Abbéville discussion he refused to take seriously what was intended as a bluff.

Once more—and for a British audience —how much more satisfactory to present the American general and his country as setting their own pride above the common cause and slyly intimating also that it was French command which was uniquely repugnant. But once more, nothing could be further from the truth and most British commentators of a later period have conceded that Pershing was right. It wasn't Pershing's fault the Germans succeeded at the Chemin des Dames; that came about because of Foch's miscalculation and the bad generalship of the French Army commander.

I have dwelt upon these details because they seem to me to be illustrative of the basic defect of trying to write history to accord with the double method of the screen and the air. Mr. Heard is the best example of this cinema-radio style I have met. His analysis is always plausible and not infrequently penetrating. His narrative has life and movement. His style is an amusing mixture of the firecracker and the wisecracker. Thus he notes—"How Europe blundered to and fro between two ways—the way of the Sermon on the Mount and the way of Machiavelli's Prince —(the year) 1926 illustrated vividly." And of the Ottawa Conference he writes—"So much water was put down and it is so uncertain whether a drop has come back that future historians may point to the heights of Abraham near the city of Quebec as the site where the Empire began and the city of Ottawa as the place where it was ended." These statements, I submit, might serve as fair examples of the new style to be described as "radioese" as contrasted with the "journalese" of my youth.

Reducing history to terms of the radio is, after all, a little like translating the features and figures of great men to marble—invariably, the better the statue, the less exact the likeness. Always, too, the sculptor is firmly resolved to subordinate accuracy to art. Only Winston Churchill, in our time, has been able to use the radio-cinema method to present history; all the others have employed history as an adjunct to the screen and of the loudspeaker.

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"—DEFENDERS OF VERDUN
From "The First World War" (Simon and Schuster)

Two Kinds of Magic

(Continued from first page)

nearly all the converts and even a white man in their following.

Miss Manners-Sutton first shows the whites as incontrovertibly opposed to the jungle and its life. She does little to explain directly how the Empire-builders are undermined by their own slow change, but her stories speak for themselves—the woman who bought a jar made by Googli and who fell ill and would have died if the jar had not been broken: Sister Marte, who tried to run away from the drums and in the end went back to Belgium a ner-

PAINTING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
From the jacket of "Black God."

vous wreck: Admiral Delabouche, who met death in a crazy lone adventure. Magic wins, every time. The Congo remains the Congo in spite of electric light and iron bridges—that is, until M. Lafontaine fights the Black Master with his own black tools. For once civilization is saved, though M. Lafontaine himself is lost.

The book could be called a fantasy were it not for the flashes of grave, true detail which permeate the most fantastic passages. It could be called a true picture, save that there are deliberate impossibilities in it—for instance, the presence of the Black Master as a social equal among whites in the town bar, and the mysterious tribe of Monkey Men about which no one knows anything. We are even given a glimpse of that old Tarzan prop, the elephants' dying-ground. But what difference does it make?

No one will be able to confute Miss Manners-Sutton's interpretation of the black man's mind and its workings. The reviewer, disagreeing, is inclined to suppose the average black man as a creature more similar to the white man, as simple and as materialistic and very nearly as ignorant. But this is a question of opinion. It is a striking picture we have here, less of individuals than of an enormous pattern of people equally deftly drawn.

One remembers clearly the dwellers in the town. They are painted as they should be, at close range, with the merciless detail always evident in a constructed small colony. Madame Boul-Boul with her parrot. Lardi the ferryman. Llewellyn Jones the missionary. Brother Francois, who committed a horrible crime and was meted out a horrible punishment. It is nearly all beautifully written, and M'Kato himself could have given no better portraits of these puppets who lived and died before his eyes as he counted his beads and waited for his day.

"Black God" is on the surface detached, impartial. It is immensely superior to such sensation-mongering African books as those of Mr. Seabrook. In sum, it is not so much Africa, the true Congo, which is the substance of the book as it is the hidden meaning of it. In the words of M. Lafontaine, who wrote each day in his exercise-book in thin, old-fashioned handwriting,

"It is not the jungle of which man should be afraid but his fellow-man."

* *

Emily Hahn, who a year ago recorded her African experiences in "Congo Solo," is shortly to have a novel with that region for background published.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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From the Coign of Labor Day

Labor Day has come and gone and with it summer, still holding possession according to the calendar, has lost its grip on the mind. Queer, how men make themselves a milestone in their year, and though foliage may still be in full verdure, and the turn of the season officially weeks ahead, assume an autumnal mood. Recalcitrant human nature needs some goad ever and again for its flagging zeal, and oddly enough, though the spur be of its own devising, responds to the stimulus which it has itself decreed. And so, because a certain Monday has passed, holiday time is over and work takes on fresh impetus. If in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love, now it is business that engages his dreams. In the regular rotation of the seasons energy and relaxation renew themselves and wane, and take on new life again to begin the cycle once more.

So, too, it is with the procession of lit-

[illegible] in the lives of peoples as well as individuals every so often a time when zest yields to weariness, when hope gives way to mistrust, and courage turns to feckless adventure. A dozen causes may conduce to this result; it may come slowly or fast, but of a sudden it is there to the eye of all beholders and usually to the horrified alarm of many. The first impact of the change is apt to mean a quickening of literature, for it is in this period of commencing depression that the disgruntled soul disburdens itself of its sorrowful discovery that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds. So it was when the disillusioned youth of the war years poured into their novels and verse their bitter disappointment with a society which had suddenly been revealed to them in all its pitiful inadequacy. There sprang into life then a literature which, in America at least, had never before been so open-eyed, so outspoken, so charged with emotion and intention. It was an aggressive literature that lunged at the wrongs it thought it descried, that gave no quarter to outworn shibboleths and erstwhile sacred conventions, and that was quick with outraged feeling and crusading fervor. It tapered off as the first heat of emotion found expression into an earnest effort at reform, and as time wore on it became all too often the shadow of itself, retained the manner without the propulsive indignation which had lent so effective a sincerity to its first phase. And then, quite naturally, as the simulacrum became patent to all observers and the excitement over the new literature died down, the experimentalists and imitators, who still hoped to be able to flog a lagging public into interest, began to get their work in, with the result that honest endeavor was often made the victim of overzeal or absurdity. The public wearied of the game, and literature settled into a rut, retaining, of course, much of its gains in the way of earnestness and frankness, but having lost the force of novelty and surprise.

It is in this trough that we have been laboring for the past year or two, with signs now and again that a fresh accession of energy is about to enrich American letters. Labor Day marks a watershed in the literary as it does in the working year—after it appear the first crop of autumn books and the first indications of the calibre of the publishing season to come. So it is with eagerness that we look from it to what lies ahead. How does the forthcoming harvest measure up to that of earlier seasons? So far as can be seen at this early date the literature to come, while neither revolutionary nor startling, has more substance, more drive, and more balance, perhaps, than has been observable of late. The seriousness of the times finds its reflection in it, the interest in the fortunes of the proletariat, the confusion of political ideals, the pressure of economic distress. There is nothing on the horizon of revolutionary importance, but there is much that is worthy and plenty that is arresting. There are many biographies to come, good historical surveys in the offing, fiction that meets the issues of social life squarely and unafraid. All in all, the season which Labor Day has ushered in, promises more than a little interest and merit.

"DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER? I'M WRITING A MYSTERY STORY."

Letters to the Editor: *The Poetic Standards of Mr. Dodd and Mr. Richards*

Youth, Poetry, and Science

SIR:—It is, indeed, a matter for profound grief that, in discussing some points raised in Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd's article "Youth and Poetry," I cannot hope for a rebuttal from his own incisive and brilliant pen. However, this communication is merely an attempt to clarify some points which, it seems to me, he left unnecessarily vague, and is offered in the hope that those of us whose pens are still active will carry on the tradition of literary discussion which he so enriched.

He was concerned over the fealty which young people were swearing to science and truth, and the unanimity with which

[illegible] was an "instrumental" view of it. Such a view, Mr. Dodd held, constituted a "desperate" attitude.

Now it strikes me that Mr. Dodd's attitude was no less desperate. For while Mr. Richards's program consisted in severing "poetry" from "belief," Mr. Dodd had no program, but only a blind hope that after the ravages of science had passed, a few daffodils would remain standing.

The desperation of both of these critics springs from an essentially false view of two human activities, a false premise—the premise, namely, that poetry and science are antithetical.

No better confutation of this premise could be found than one written by the man who wrote about the daffodils. In the preface to the second edition of his poems, William Wordsworth said some things to which, I think, it is justifiable to devote all the space they require, however valuable that space may be.

> The objects of the poet's thoughts [he said] are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge,—it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of the men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready

[illegible] come from the class-room, where he had found young men and women who preferred Crabbe to Wordsworth. He therefore believed he had a better reason for saying the things he said in "Youth and Poetry" than Mr. Richards had for saying the things *he* said in "Science and Poetry." But the fears of both might have been allayed by a study of the passage I have quoted from the greatest romantic, or by turning from the class-room to the studies where other young men and women are making the poetry of today. For *those* young men and women, like true poets, are taking science in their stride.

RICHARD GREENLEAF.

Cheer Up, Mr. Johnson!

SIR:—Pyke Johnson's recent letter on the dilemma of the young is the elegy of part of today's younger generation that need not die, but that must be shown how to direct its capacity for a rich existence. I here intend no inspiring bit of vacuous optimism, but actually P. J. is not in as bad a ditch as he imagines. If he would compose his consciousness of the calloused armament makers into a definite, comprehensive attitude, he might be happily giving out leaflets or writing analytical articles instead of moping letters, for these men are surely symbols of the harmful inadequacies of private enterprise. I realize, of course, that such an attitude cannot be automatically assumed. Well, then, he can always read Marx. Besides, there is a growing body of a literature that may be read that will convince him that not enough has been said about certain things. Maybe it will do him more good than the authors he mentions. It's silly to say that there is "no reason for me to write, because someone else has said it better than I can or ever will." Writing seems to me to be a matter of compulsion, inner or outer. It's usually a choice between writing because one so desires to express one's personality, or else having "nerves." And P. J. has them. He may not write well in his own opinion, but he will be less burdened by his melancholy introspection. In all likelihood he will turn out creditable work. After all, his letter was not bad

[illegible]

Perplexing the Reader

SIR:—I've just been reading the editorial in your recent issue, "Collaboration of the Reader," but who is the reader? There are, if possible, even more readers than writers and of even more kinds and degrees. But let's assume he possesses a taste for style and reads thoughtfully.

If this is the case I take issue with you that he finds any pleasure in a writer who "holds something back and whose aim is not clarity and power." In other words, as you put it, the author who deliberately adopts a style that requires a second or third reading to understand and enjoy what he is trying to say. I use the word "try" advisedly, for if he were an author worthy of the name and of attention, he wouldn't *try*. His real thoughts would have to be expressed whether or no, and the instant he attempted to dissemble them they would take wing. Like the modern school of painters who realized they couldn't equal the Masters and therefore started a cult of their own. The present-day novelists are doing the same thing. Cynical, artificial, sexual, involved, they strive with these weapons to intrigue the public. Whereas the Victorians and neo-Victorians write from their hearts and for the pleasure of it.

All one has to do is to compare Dickens, Stevenson, and Kipling with Hemingway Faulkner, and Stein and rest their case right there. GEO. P. BISSEL.

Daniel Boone

SIR:—For many years I have been collecting materials preparatory to writing an extended biography of Daniel Boone. I shall welcome correspondence with owners of Boone letters, documents and relics; and information regarding the whereabouts of Booneana in private hands. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

721 E. Franklin Street,
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Anecdotes of Raymond Hood

SIR:—A collection of anecdotes of the late Raymond Hood, the great architect, is being made by his friends. They should be sent to my office, 35 Fifth Avenue. I will turn them over to the compilers of the book.

GEORGE T. BYE.

New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This List of Current Books:

BLACK GOD. By D. MANNERS-SUTTON. *Longmans, Green.* A story of the Congo.

THE QUEST FOR CORVO. By A. J. A. SYMONS. *Macmillan.* The chronicle of a literary mystery.

ROMAN SPRING. By MARGARET CHANLER. *Little, Brown.* Memoirs of a woman who knew the society and artistic circles of two continents.

This Less Recent Book:

I COVER THE WATERFRONT. By MAX MILLER. *Dutton.* Reminiscences of a reporter.

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Catiline Gets a Break

ROME FOR SALE. By Jack Lindsay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. LINDSAY of the Australian Lindsays, classical scholar and translator, has had the temerity to risk a novel about Catiline. The average reader got enough of Catiline, and of Cicero, in high school, to last him the rest of his life; but he had better read Mr. Lindsay's version, which is not only better history but a finely written and understanding novel.

All we know of Catiline comes from people who for various reasons were hostile to him; it is as if the historian of the future got all his evidence on Franklin Roosevelt from the *Daily Worker* or the *Chicago Tribune*. Yet it has long been fairly obvious that Catiline's conspiracy (begun after he had lost an election in which a rich man's vote counted far more than a poor man's) was something more than the mere attempt of a desperate bankrupt to kick the world to pieces for the sake of plundering the ruins. There have been few if any worse examples of an utterly callous plutocracy and a world run for the benefit of bankers than the Roman Republic in its last decades; the times cried out for reform, and the readiness of the plutocrats to use violence, with or without the color of legality, against even moderate reformers tended to turn reform into revolution. The age was more like our own, both socially and politically, than any other in ancient history; and Mr. Lindsay's story, thoroughly sound in its historical framework and its recreation of the social background, is still in the main as modern as if it were dated in the nineteen thirties.

Catiline here appears as a genuine reformer whose intentions were better than his judgment; a man with a cloudy, mystical faith in the common people and a gift (amply proved by the cautiousness of Cicero's procedure against him) for arousing their passionate loyalty. But his upper-class associates in the conspiracy were undeniably a moth-eaten lot, and their weaknesses and trickery eventually betrayed him. Partly, too, he was wrecked by his own mistakes (the worst of them was letting himself be talked out of Rome by Cicero's "Quo usque tandem"); but, "dying, his blood was living in the earth," and his vision in the far abler mind of Caesar.

This is Catiline the radical and revolutionary; but along with it, more suggested than told, is the story of Catiline the man, who had lost the wife and child and the ideals of his youth, and in late middle age had found substitutes for them all. There is passion and pathos in the love story of Catiline and his second wife, Orestilla, a lady who had had a bad reputation even for those easy-going times but had tried to settle down when she fell in love with Catiline, only to find that she had to divide her husband's allegiance with a cause. Most of the great figures of the time come into the story, and Mr. Lindsay has realized all of them with the intuition of an artist, as well as with the judgment of a historian who knows how to make allowance for the exaggerations of political invective. These are real men and women, with complex aspirations, obscure and incalculable motivations. Even Cicero is made real, and treated fairly as well. Only Caesar never quite comes to life; but Caesar, like Napoleon, has always been a little too much for the literary artist.

But there is too much sex in this book. No more than in the literary sources of the period, possibly no more than in the actual life of the wealthy and sophisticated; it is a question neither of morals nor of history, but of showmanship. Mr. Lindsay is writing about a man who tried to remake the world, and the fornications and adulteries of that man's friends and enemies are mostly as irrelevant as what they had to eat. The affair of Curius and Fulvia, Cethegus's disappointed passion for Orestilla, really have something to do with the story; but not the others. Caesar, for instance, seems to have been superior to other men even in bed; but the really marked and really important differences between Caesar and other men were in the Curia or the Praetorium.

Much more to the point and much more effective is the punctuation of the story by the successive festivals of the Roman calendar. You see not only what they were but what they meant, had always meant; behind the surface picture of fashionable life—febrile, avid, hurried—in the year 690 of the city, you can feel the steady pulsation of the great organism that was, had been, and was still to be Rome. Of that greater and far more decent Rome that was eventually built by Augustus, Catiline, in the Lindsay version, was one of the architects.

Time Turns Backward

GOODBYE TO THE PAST. By W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

MR. BURNETT has written a good story, and for no valid reason has made it hard for the reader by writing it backwards. "Life," says a quotation on the title page, "can only be understood backwards"; but so good a writer as Mr. Burnett might be supposed to know that a book is not life, and that a reader is capable of retrospective understanding when he has finished the last

W. R. BURNETT
From a drawing by F. Bolles

chapter. At any rate, you have scenes from the life of Bill Meadows beginning with his last days—he was past eighty—and going back to his youth, with a four-page postscript, an attempt at an ironic interpretation, which is far less effective than the story itself.

He was a fine, salty old character, this Bill Meadows—an Ohio farm boy who fought in the Civil War and then went West to hold his own against Apaches and gunmen; who came back to Ohio after a silver strike had enriched him, and made the fatal mistake of falling in love with a respectable woman. Unless oral tradition idealizes the past, there were technically respectable women in the seventies who were also human beings, but heroes of fiction never seem to have married them. At any rate, the rest of Bill Meadows's life as an industrial capitalist was a constant defensive war against respectability; and it ended as every man's war must end, when the grinders cease because they are few, and the clouds return after the rain, and a worthier heir (worthier in his own opinion, at any rate) drinks up the stored wine. The successive scenes, read in chronological order, are an elegiac commentary on man's mortality; and as mere writing, most of them are first-rate.

But you'll like the book better if you leave the postscript till last, or omit it altogether, and read the rest of the chapters in reverse order.

Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," according to *John o' London's Weekly*, has a fascination for French publishers. A translation by Frédéric Delebecque has just appeared carrying the title "Les Hauts de Hurle-Vent." Another recent translation was entitled "Les Hauteurs battus par le vent." A third translation is announced, this time by M. Drover, "Les Hauts des quatre-vents."

A Dramatic Story of Jacobite England

THE LONG DAY CLOSES. By Beatrice Tunstall. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1934. $2.50.

THE mid eighteenth century in England was the time of the Jacobite Circle in Cheshire that looked to the return of Charlie from over the Water and the ousting of the usurper, German George. Miss Tunstall lays the scene of her novel in Western Mercia, in the Vale Royal, not far from Chester. The London Road runs through the Vale Royal and there, in those days, Three-Fingered Dick Turpin was wont to hold up handsome coaches and lighten their lords of moneys and valuables.

The Starmonts of Starmont in the Vale were what their servitor, Christopher Churche, who tells their story, calls of "old-ancient blood," and on the whole a rather rotten strain, though so it did not appear to their very loyal servant, who, in fact, was told point-blank by his master that said master intended to rape the girl he knew Christopher loved. For fear of his neck in a noose, honest Chris kept all this to himself, until finally he told solid old Adam Summerfield, the girl's father, and Adam shot the robber and raper sitting, without more ado.

A good deal of the book concerns the return of Bonnie Prince Charlie to England with his Scots, and their almost inexplicable retreat. Miss Tunstall's description of the clans marching into Maxfilt, particularly the passing of the Cameron Men, is one of the best things in the book; and her research into the Circle's drinking glasses and all the plotting of the time for the Pretender is excellent, even if it gets in the way of her story and somewhat clogs her narrative.

There is the rather outworn situation of the bride almost at the altar spirited away from Wroxton by the dashing Giles Starmont and then gradually becoming aware of an unloved existence in her new home. Her life is left quite "up the flue" at the end of the book, the affair of Rose-Mary and Christopher, and the plotting of the wench-chasing Squire being considered of more importance. Yet one has rather too much of the narrator, Chris, so deep in loyalty (to nothing worthy of the emotion, may it be added, save the Stuart Cause—and that doubtful) that he comes to seem positively half-witted; and too little, despite the liberal extracts from her diary, presented with great cleverness, of Bridgett Mauleverer, mistress of Starmont.

It seems to us that Miss Tunstall is rather maladroit in her climaxes; in the presenting of the death of the packman, the death of drunken Will, and even the last-page death of Squire Starmont. We can't just understand how Chris's "casting off" of Chorkystock could have caused his death, whereas a few more words from the author would have set that right. She becomes singularly blunt—and it is not the bluntness of her supposititious narrator either, for he can ramble on endlessly on occasion—when she reaches a climactic episode toward which she has been building for pages and pages; singularly blunt and casual. That is a fault.

On the other hand, the presentation of loyal Christopher Churche's agony of mind that finally comes near to madness is well handled. And her characters are believable. It seems to us that she rather overdoes the local dialect. Some of the expressions are uncommonly fine of flavor; some others might have been spared. Yet it is good to be in the hands of a historical novelist who so thoroughly knows her locale and period. We cannot find that much of anything is out of order in her antiquarianism *per se*, save, as we have said, that it tends to choke her narrative when it should flow more freely. Yet her book is thoroughly readable and exciting.

One is led to ponder such old English families as the house of Starmont. When its men representatives of whom we are told are stripped of their glamour, as seen through the eyes of a loyal old servitor, there is really not much to recommend them; save that they knew how to ride. Two were drunkards, one of a weak sort, one of a stronger, with no proper outlet for his energies. The Squire was a ruthless romantic, whose kindness and gentleness are told of but seldom strikingly put before us. All were robbers. The Squire was dishonest, a liar to his wife, a thief, and a potential kidnapper. Adam Summerfield was worth all of them put together as an honorable man. This is no criticism of Miss Tunstall's presentation of them, rather the opposite, for she shows them as they were. The irony of life in those times, among the near-great of England, becomes memorable to us through her narrative.

This writer has talents above the ordinary. We shall watch for a new book of hers.

Hope On, Hope Ever

PAPA PASQUIER. By Georges Duhamel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DUHAMEL, physician and writer, has already achieved fame for war books and social studies. His "Civilization" won the Prix Goncourt. For his "Scènes de la Vie Future," four years ago, he was awarded the Grand Prix. Two years ago he began a series of novels of which "Papa Pasquier" is the first. Its title in France is "The Notary of Havre."

English critics have declared this work in translation as one to be mentioned with "David Copperfield." Frankly, I don't see that at all. Beside "David Copperfield," "Papa Pasquier" stands like a birch-tree beside an oak. Whatever the temerarious Mr. Robert Graves may have seen fit to do to "David Copperfield," thereby improving, we are led to believe, upon Dickens, it remains for pure entertainment one of the grandest novels in English. "Papa Pasquier" has not a tithe of its energy or abundance. So it is well to sweep away that misleading comparison at once and consider "Papa Pasquier" upon its own merits.

The novel before me is a good one, full of delightful portraits and profound in its study of human nature. The best thing about human nature, whatever all the deeply mordant realists may say, is its superb ability to "hope on, hope ever." What helps it to do this—and incidentally leads it into innumerable disasters—is its naïve belief in "something for nothing." This belief is present even in some of our most advanced utopians. A nice bloody revolution, for instance, is going to settle everything and make us a nice new world in which human nature will no longer defeat itself and a new form of bureaucracy will administrate everything so that

DRAWING BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
From the jacket of "The Long Day Closes."

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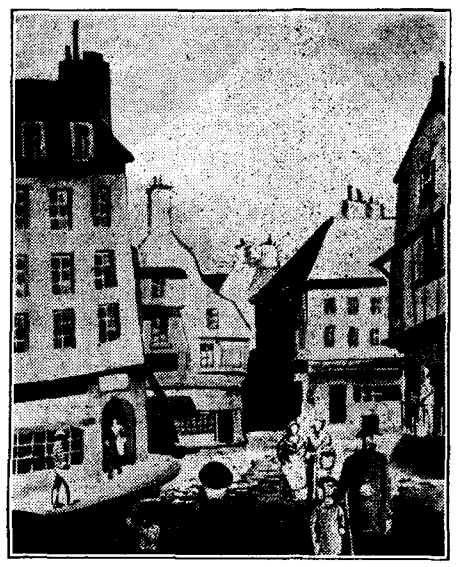
everything will be just perfectly dandy. I may sometimes be permitted to wonder.

The family Pasquier is not involved, however, in any thoughts of revolution. Its story is told, presumably in 1931, by a gentleman then fifty years of age, Laurent Pasquier. He relates how his father and mother tried to get along and make both ends meet, with their family of children; and as the number of years of Laurent's childhood covered are not so many in number, judging by the span of a lifetime, it is obvious that this novel is to have several sequels. Here is petty bourgeois family life, initially a good deal poorer and more dangerous than the word "bourgeois" might indicate, presented with a shrewd eye for peculiar personal traits, a deep-rooted sense of humor, a thorough relish for humanity in all its lights and shadows. Raymond, or, as his wife calls him, "Ram," Pasquier, the father, is alive in every idiosyncrasy. The splendid



FROM THE JACKET OF "PAPA PASQUIER"

mother, in her fight against poverty, warms the heart. The children and the neighbors are all well delineated. How salient and vivid the joys and terrors of different days are to the sensitive child of such a family is well shown. The whole story turns upon a legacy expected from the death of two aunts, a legacy in respect to which not only the parents but the whole family builds many chateaux d'Espagne. When at the end of the book—but I shall not spoil the story for you. Suffice it to say that this particular gift from the gods results practically as do so many. From that statement you can draw your own conclusions.

The tedious and dilatory processes of the law that result in wasting away so much capital are here personified by the almost mythical notary at Havre who becomes finally a man of nightmare to the boy Laurent. The day-to-day existence of the Pasquier family meanwhile is absorbingly interesting. The friendship between Laurent and Désiré, son of an immediate neighbor on the same floor in the house where the Pasquiers have their four rooms, is a moving story in itself. Even the characters of another family through whom a loan is at last contrived are given a deep impress upon the mind.

M. Duhamel has real gifts as a novelist. The motto of Laurent Pasquier became, "Miracle is not accomplishment," and the whole story is an explanation of that motto. At the same time one feels warmly toward the Pasquier family, because they are so very like so many of us. The waiting for the letter from Havre becomes as full of suspense to us as to them, and its arrival as important a matter. The endeavors and despairs of the father and mother concern us nearly. The father's final epic outburst to the landlord thrills and convulses. When one can say these things of an imagined story one is acknowledging the power of a truly creative writer.

Here is a thoroughly good tale of a thoroughly real family. And though it is a French family it parallels closely the kind of life-in-hope led by many families all over the world. The writing is clear and effective and the translation seems to me excellent. It is by Samuel Putnam, who has already gained a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

The English for "Grifter"

CHEAPJACK. By Philip Allingham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE popularity which "Cheapjack" is said to have enjoyed in England is easy to understand. For one thing, the word "gentleman" has a much more rigid and specific definition there than here and the spectacle of a gentleman engaging in an "ungentlemanly" occupation is a good deal more startling. For another, all the places mentioned in this extraordinary chronicle of a well-brought-up young Englishman's adventures as fortune-teller and faker at outdoor fairs, seaside resorts, race meets, and the like, are places the English reader himself knows well, and the slang is local slang. We have rough equivalents, of course, of scenes, types, and lingo, yet the story can't come home to an American audience quite as it would to the cheapjack's own countrymen.

The author seems to be of the generation which came of age shortly after the war. Of his background he says little further than that he was dropped from Oxford as one too weak in scholarship "for any tutor to waste his time on." He tried several jobs without success, and finding himself down to rock bottom at last, hit on the wild notion of turning some amateur experience in fortune-telling to practical account.

No sooner said than done. He went to his twelve-shilling-a-week lodgings in New Compton Street, "changed into full evening kit," and dropping into a saloon bar in Whitehall, ordered a whiskey-splash. While consuming it, he remarked to the barkeep that he was a professional palmist and would they mind if he approached some of the patrons?

Nowhere else in the book, perhaps, do we get a sharper notion of the special combination of bland "nerve" and resourcefulness which the author's subsequent adventures demanded than in this first picture of our hero starting "cold," as the play-producers say, to be a "tick-off"—this curious apparition in topper-and-tails, dropping into one "pub" after another and contriving, without being thrown out on his ear, to cross over from the role of "gentleman" to that of palmist to whom utter strangers were willing to give a shilling or two to have their fortunes told. After he had broken into the game, had knocked about all over England, made friends with gypsies, with the Little Major, Three-fingered Billy, and all sorts of pitchmen, it must have been rather good fun, and one can understand the pleasant excitement of blowing into a new and unknown town, convinced, somehow, that it was going to be a gold-mine.

Allingham, if that is really our hero's name, followed the game for several years, and when he got really good, when he had dropped the "tick-off" racket, that is to say, and gone in for selling hair-curlers (with a live model whose locks he curled before the crowd's eyes) he made round-about $150 a week. He had real friends all over the place by that time—as the gypsies proved one day when they saved him from being beaten up by a Newcastle mob—he had fallen in love with and said good-bye to a gypsy queen, and he knew all about "crocuses," "gazers," "pitchers," "whizz-mobs," "mug-fakers," and all the rest. But he never seemed to be able to keep any of the money he made, and he must have kept some sort of touch with his beginnings for a "respectable" job was turned up for him at last by a friend of his father's and he decided to say good-bye to the open road.

There is no sentimentality here, nor elsewhere in the book, although there are opportunities for it, and such sensitiveness as the author may have for "atmosphere," or such interests as he may have beyond the concrete things immediately before his eye, are not revealed. He was interested in the people he met and worked with and knew how to make friends with them, and first and last, under his matter-of-fact but keen and humorous reporting, he crowds a whole gallery with unconventional humans. The American reader will be interested to see how much still survives of the England of Dickens and Cruikshank and John Leech, not to say Hogarth.

HE MADE SIXTY POUNDS IN A WEEK SELLING HAIR-CURLERS
A photograph of Mr. Allingham in action, from the jacket of "Cheapjack."

A Literary Mystery

(*Continued from first page*)

were still in touch with the painted mask in shabby garments which could only be seen at night in the London streets and which was known to be the living symbol of such books as "Stories Toto Told Me," "Hadrian VII," "Don Tarquinio," "The Chronicles of the Borgia," and other fantastic works. He was dangerous to attack or accost, for he carried a prick-ring loaded with the Borgia venom which he claimed to have rediscovered during his researches into the Renaissance. He was more dangerous still to those who approached him in friendship.

His literary output fell between publishers' stools and passed into oblivion save for the few who caught fascinated sight of his diabolical spirit and read him in a literary ecstasy that Huysmans and Baudelaire never produced. He was a convert to Rome, but Catholics did not know what to make of him. His books shocked and terrified the pious bourgeois, but many exquisite souls cherished his "Stories Toto Told Me" as their Fifth Gospel. "Hadrian VII" in the opinion of Monsignor Benson was the greatest ecclesiastical novel ever written. It contained Corvo's experiences as a student and "spoiled priest" in the Scotch College in Rome—followed by the dream of his personal elevation to the Papacy. In fact, the sub-title of the book might have been "If I Were Pope." Those who have read it once have read it a dozen times. The issue was remaindered and pulped and became rare and even valuable. It was the same with his other books which were collected by the small circle which developed after his death into a Corvine Society of occasional and fantastic session.

Corvo's idiosyncrasies, his seraphical handwriting, his violent enmities, and his fantastic adventures have been recalled from the dust of letter-files and the memory of the injured. The banquets of the Corvine Society inspired Mr. Symons to set out on the Quest which is enshrined in this volume. All of what he reveals is utterly new to the public. But good Corvinists will find their strangest rumors documented and learn that the lost MSS and books of the erratic one have been singularly salvaged.

Mr. Symons recounts how he interested Mr. Maundy Gregory in Corvo with the result that that mysterious dealer in titles spent enormous sums in purchasing Corvo's beautiful MSS and even located the last five copies of a printed but unpublished book in a rat-ridden cellar. Mr. Gregory recently left England under the shadowy charge of influencing the sale of British titles and even of peddling the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Devout readers of Corvo will wish that he had revived the mysterious barony of that name and conferred it on Mr. Symons.

Are our words sufficient to introduce the most aristocratic of English writers to the American democracy? For Corvo lived in the purple of his own literary imagination. He coined his own verbiage. He was startling often and splendid. To his last book, "Don Renato," he supplied a glossary which was indeed necessary to a writer who wrote such words therein as "argute," "deaurate," "investite," "excandescence," "galbanate," "lecertose," "insulsity," "hestern," "macilent," "effrenate," "dicaculous," "pavonine," "torose." But these were simplicities to the pen which wove the word "rosealexandrolith" or described cigarettes as "fumificables."

If his works had been but distortions of root and derivative they would have merely fallen to the amused lexicographer or the amazed makers of crossword puzzles. But his books were deeply stained by a perfervid autobiography which makes them read like a human document. And he could make the epigram or the verbal bludgeon start from under the curtain of his heavily colored phrase.

To summarize Mr. Symons's book: it is a complete answer (the only one which will ever be made) to the query which so many travellers on the byroads of esthetic literature have asked: was there ever such a person as Baron Corvo? Did the son of a British piano manufacturer named Rolfe attempt to relive as well as rewrite the life of the Borgias in our day? Did he study as a Scotch cleric in Rome? Did he invent and perfect the art of submarine photography? Was he buried alive, surviving to tell the story in the *Wide World Magazine*, unfortunately for them in the same number presenting the adventures of Louis de Rougremont? Did he paint frescoes in churches by the aid of magic-lantern figures thrown on the walls? In spite of his limited sight did he develop the most perfect calligraphy of his time so that a sheet written by him is treasured like the work of a Japanese scribe? Was he, as he believed, Benvenuto Cellini come again under exasperating circumstances? Was he a fine swimmer, athlete, and yachtsman, concluding his career sordidly and tragically as a gondolier? Did he defend his own character by whitewashing the Borgias? Did he enjoy a last exuberance by painting the sails of his gondola and dyeing his own hair red? Did he live by threat and fascination and blackmail, and did he die by his own embittered hand, having found that Borgia venom which kills without trace? Is his entire and most secret life to be found in the books variously assigned to Frederick Rolfe or Baron Corvo? Did he foresee and describe his own death in such Corvine sentences as: "Cœrulean stains appeared below the flickering lashes of the half-closed eyes. Like rose-petals in a breeze even the nostrils quivered. Bloomed the abominable, unmistakable pallor on the brow where the soft cæsarial hair was humid with the dew of the breath of death."?

His style is being violently criticized at present, and he is being equally denounced and upheld in English criticism today. It remains to say that the writing of James Joyce is vapid and unintelligible in comparison. And the modern Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, and Lawrence (his closest affinity), how weak and febrile they read when perused between draughts of Baron Corvo! They all wrote for a public and found it gushing and gasping like a fat oyster opened by their steel pens: but Corvo can never have a public. Essentially he remains caviare to the general.

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The BOWLING GREEN

"Me Voy Al Sur"

MUY Señor mio:—I promised a report on our discovery of South America. Like most of the great landfalls it was largely accidental. It was California that was mostly in my mind this summer, but a strike developed out there that sounded as though it might be serious. And you pointed out to me that we might take the suggestion of the Canal itself, which brings one out headed southward. Chris Cella, at whose place we were lunching, brought up his copy of the *Literary Digest* atlas. Like the hardy Pizarro (as vouched for by Prescott) I exclaimed *me voy al sur.*

You mustn't mind if I begin slowly and with difficulty; my hand still aches from playing deck tennis with the skipper and the chief officer. Perhaps it's good for a writer's hand to stiffen up now and then. He takes more time to think. Pizarro would be interested to know that one can go to Peru nowadays with no more serious hardship than a thumb lamed by deck sports and a considerable bunch of chits from the smokeroom steward. It's only fair to add that the skipper's hand is also a bit sore. It was excellent luck for a lover of historic names to travel in a ship named *Santa Maria* and commanded by Captain Cook. But before you try deck tennis with him and his chief officer, Mr. Rennie, give your hand a month's workout on anvil or sawbuck.

You yourself, *muy caballero,* will condone the naiveté of these truthful notes. Perhaps immaculate ignorance is sometimes an advantage: it receives an impression sharp and clear. I knew no Spanish and had read none of the classic books in English—neither the famous Prescott, the sagacious Bryce nor the fantastic *Bridge of San Luis Rey.* I did not dull the sensibility of my skull by any preliminary study. On shipboard I can never read anything but detective stories. I did skim a little Bryce the first evening, and was disturbed by his description of the climate in Lima. I learned later that his stay in that city lasted less than three hours, so his report is not conclusive. The *Santa Maria* needs a new copy of Bryce, by the way: it has been read almost to pieces by inquiring passengers, and several pages are missing.

You remember the very hot day last June when we first discussed this greenhorn expedition over a platter of Cella's filet of sole and you brought along a bottle of that delicious Undurraga—a Rhine wine from Chile—to initiate me into South American culture. You were appalled to realize that I did not even know which side of the continent your steamers travelled, nor how to pronounce *llama* (yama) and *Bolivar* (Boleevar). (Kipling didn't either, in his ballad.) But in our case there was a certain excuse for the familiar mispronunciation. The last two winters, living in an apartment in New York, our telephone number was the same (with a different exchange) as a hotel of that name on Central Park West. At all hours of day and night we would be rung up by voices asking "Is this the Hotel *Bolivar*?" Perhaps that first subconsciously put it into our heads to follow the trail of the Liberator—who was one of the greatest benefactors ever known to the industry in equestrian statues.

How much, or how little, one may learn or guess in 39 days, you will plainly perceive. But as the doings started by Pizarro have been going on for some 146,000 days (Lima celebrates its 400th anniversary next January) you will not justly expect from me more than about 1/3750 of the story. I will not assume to rival Prescott; though it must be recalled that the great historian did not himself see Peru. At least I became aware of the singular egotism of speaking of ourselves as Americans. I hope I shall remember henceforward to say, as they do down there, Northamericans.

Somewhere in Lima I lost my favorite fountain pen. I have to fall back on a spare, which has betrayed me before now by writing more biggity than I thought. But it is pleasant to imagine that the old one is now probably effusing fluent Spanish.

* *

It was a hot, sunny and humid day when we sailed (July 21). The meteorological omens were excellent: on the way in to Brooklyn I saw in the morning paper "Weather Bureau Man to Wed." The Weather Man would certainly have chosen for his honeymoon the most dulcet season, and it proved so for us. Atlantic and Caribbean were blue and even; not until a week later, when we met the first long Pacific swells, did I hear a single creak in the corridors.

Memories of sailing day are always capricious. Most of all the parents are likely to remember the rich moisture of a telephone booth on the pier where we wrestled forty minutes to get through a long distance call to a girl's camp upstate where one member of the family was spending the summer. We had expected a letter from her before leaving; it had not come, and we wanted to be sure everything was all right. The probable reason for our not having received the letter must be withheld until the very end and climax of the narrative; it will provide (I hope) an artistic suspense. The connection was got, just before sailing hour. There was scarcely time left for the much needed glass of beer with Throck and Pussy, who had come to see us off.

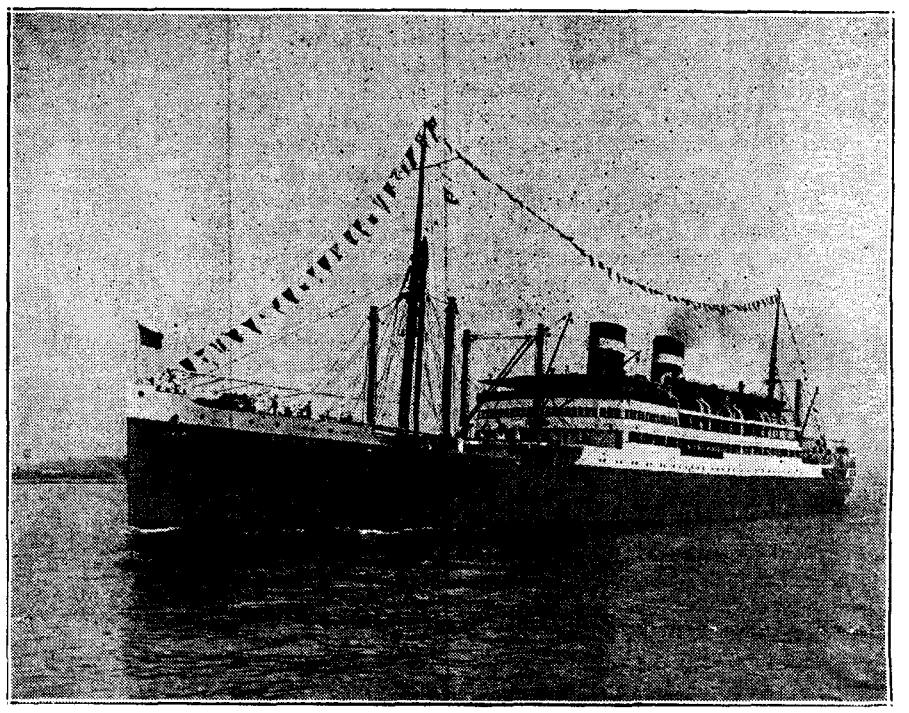
There is a noticeable Spanish tinge in the waterfront streets down toward Pier 33, Brooklyn. Or so it seemed as we went by taxi from the L. I. R. R. terminal. But perhaps my imagination was oversensitized to visions of Spain. As the ship pulled out into Buttermilk Channel I saw what I took to be a beautiful señorita on the pier, very Hispanic in dress and complexion. I tried hard to lasso her with one of the colored paper streamers, but in her haughty Castilian way she paid no attention. We learned later that she was the daughter of a fellow passenger, pure Scandinavian. And certainly no one could look more engagingly Spanish than little Pussy Throckmorton. The most severe observer sees always something of what he expects. All through the Caribbean I remarked with pleasure on the peculiarly tropical aspect of the clouds—vast bosomy rolls and bulges of silver; more substantial with vapor, I said to myself, than our thin temperate stuff. Then, the very day after getting home, I saw some just like that from the railroad station at Roslyn.

Santa Maria stood up handsome at her pier. She is a well-found and buxom creature; perhaps a trifle short for her bulk, but this may be partly the illusion of the cruiser stern. My eye was early trained to the old overhang counter. She was built wide and deep with an eye to cargo, and is at her most comfortable under rather than over 16 knots. She is as big as a sensible man ever wishes a ship to be, 15,000 tons displacement; 486 feet long, 64 feet beam.

I had expected this to be a salute in honor of the U. S. merchant marine; and so it is; but going up to the boat deck to get the fine view of Manhattan across Governor's Island the first things I saw were Maclachlan davits, from Glasgow. Then Keith ventilating fans, London. It did not take long to recognize our old friend Shanks's burly Scottish plumbing, which I have celebrated before; and at lunch (*almuerzo*, the first Spanish word you learn next after *caballeros* and *señoras*) there was Sheffield cutlery. Surely, I said to myself, this is a British ship. Yes, she was built (1928) on the Tees.

Christopher Junior, an economist by instinct, approved of that. The principle of free trade, he said, is that things should be built where it can be done best and cheapest. As the voyage went on and I began to understand something of the routine of a big ship carrying freight for many different ports I realized that these notes might well turn into an amateur essay on commerce. More than once I found loitering on a tropic-hot pier quite as interesting as going to look for palm trees and cathedrals.

W. F. Dalzell was the tug that got us away; this interested me as most of my observations on towage have been of the *Morans* and *Barretts.* By the time he is well into the stream the experienced traveler has already discovered the chart posted up outside the smokeroom, showing the ship's course all the way from New York to Valparaiso, and various other official memoranda — *e.g.,* that foreign matches must not be used in Ecuador and Peru, nor cigarette-lighters without a license; and the welcome news that there is a laundry on board. This, even more important than Inca ruins and views of volcanoes, is something to let the tourist know about beforehand. If he is travelling with small baggage and through tropical heats, it will spare him much anxiety.



"SANTA MARIA" IN FULL DRESS. *Photo by Drix Duryea, Inc.*

At our first *almuerzo* we encountered the new experience of a dining saloon with all-feminine staff. The waitresses are certainly as efficient as masculine stewards and far more decorative; as neat and nimble as canaries in their yellow dresses. It seemed to me that they have more humor than the other sex, and in 26 days on the same ship you can get on very friendly terms. In the case of our young Helen (age 13) the final parting with Mary was a matter of embraces and almost tears. The night before landing, at the sentimental Farewell Dinner, spontaneous rhythmical cheering broke out in various sections of the saloon in humorous praise of these damsels. *We want Mary!* was the repeated cry from one corner of the room as our handsome nymph struggled to disengage herself from rolls of paper ribbon enlacing her in homage. *We prefer Betty!* came the shout from a neighboring quarter. On the other side of the ship they were crying in competition, *We want Margaret!* But the cheer for Mary was surely the loudest and best unison. I remember one night, as we were coming down the broad Guayas River from Guayaquil, I was strolling on a lower deck and found three of the waitresses by the rail in off-duty converse with three young petty officers. I paused for a chat, and happened to remark on the soft jungle perfume that comes off those richly forested shores. "It certainly smells sweet tonight," I said. "Maybe it's us girls," said one of them.

The first drink on shipboard is always something of a rite. Not knowing what might be the favorite tipple on the South American run (we had not yet learned the pisco sour) Titania and I began, the first afternoon, with a Tom Collins which seemed appropriate to hot weather. Then I learned from the purser that ginger beer was available, so for the most part I adhered to my old elixir, gin and ginger. I intend to mention as many actual trade names as possible, so let me say that the ginger beer came from Jewsbury & Brown of Manchester—but not, alas, in stone bottles. I was pleased by their ingenious emblem on the bottle: the familiar Star of David made of two equilateral triangles; one of which was tinted brown, thus symbolizing the names of both manufacturers. The first cocktail hour in the smokeroom we tried a Bacardi, since we were on our way to the regions of sugar cane. (One of our first landfalls was Rum Cay, in the Bahamas). Blythe, aged 11, happened along and was given a little ginger ale in a cocktail glass. Her mother, entering just then, was startled to see the young person raise the glass and swig it with the toast *My betrayer!*

* *

Almost at once, moving toward the Gulf Stream of blue water and yellow clots of sponge, one falls into the comfortable lethargy of shipboard. Sleep, swimming in the big canvas-lined tank, deck tennis, Planters' Punch, these — and plentiful meals—are a life complete. But even in our idleness we could discern that this was quite different from a North Atlantic voyage. Tourists for curiosity were few; most of the passengers had some strong intention in being there. There was a sort of O. Henry feeling in their colorful variety. There were mining executives going back to posts in Peru and Chile, a general of the Colombian army, a Bolivian statesman living in exile, accountants to check on figures at the Talara oil field, young engineers bound for three-year contracts in the Andes and reading textbooks on dams and pumping. Colombia was transferring a diplomat from Washington to Lima; a sportsman was on his way to Galapagos to fish; a Wall Street man going to study tramways and breweries and haciendas in Ecuador; Canal Zone pilots returning from vacation. The owner of a Jugoslav newspaper was going down to the ranch in Colombia which pays his newspaper's deficits. After going as far as possible by train he would still have three days on horseback. The wife of an airways traffic manager would meet her husband in Cristobal and fly from there to Lima. She told me that she had read the whole of *Anthony Adverse* while riding with her husband on inspection flights round South America. All these people, bound on their urgent occasions, are more interesting than the usual shipload of vacationers.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The H. W. Wilson Company wishes, in connection with "The Junior Book of Authors," information leading to the location of photographs or published portraits of a number of authors, including Beatrix Potter, James Baldwin, Gulielma Zollinger, Flora L. Shaw, Evaleen Stein, Helen Nicolay, Elizabeth Grierson, Alfred J. Church, Margaret E. Ashlun, Susan Coolidge, Eleanor Farjeon, Helen Coale Crew, L. Leslie Brooke, Olaf Baker, and Frances Browne.

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Mary Austin: A Portrait

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

"HER heart has left the land," said one of Mary Austin's Mexican neighbors, looking sadly at the garden she had so faithfully watered, until the very day of her death on August 13th. At the Casa Querida, the house she had built, overlooking the flat roofs of Santa Fe, with their wreaths of pinon smoke, and facing the two great mountain ranges of the Rio Grande Valley, there is indeed a great emptiness which is felt through all the twisting highways and byways of the town— as if a wisewoman, a seeress, an heir to the world's primitive wisdom had gone. Who indeed is to be heir to Mary Austin—to the pioneer tradition, as she embodied it in life and in writing; to the knowledge of the "folk," Indian and Spanish, which she had garnered? Who will now write the books she never got to, and tap the Inner, the unconscious sources she was more and more in touch with? In spite of those carefully assembled and catalogued collections of informational material on a great range of subjects which she left behind, in the files that adjoined her writing room, it was not largely from either books or documents that she got her knowledge. As a friend said: "She never listened and nobody could tell her anything."

It is hard to realize that the leading literary figure of the Southwestern world, and perhaps the most monumental of our American women writers, was but sixty-five years old. For markedly, gently, almost surprisingly to those who remember her earlier years, this tall, bulky, western woman with her frontier build, her Victorian dress, her auburn hair high-piled and graying—but still her beauty and she knew it—and her once so hard-set and Sibylline features, was growing into the grandmother, nay the mellow great grandmother of the Southwest. Even her eyes, which used to look so aggressively and so masterfully at life—when they were not disappearing inward with almost snake-like gleam, to search the treasure of the diaphragm—of what she called her "Sacred Middle"—had grown patient, kindly, benign. Among the flowers and fruits that embowered her house she looked to her neighbors on the Camino, I am sure, very much like a nice old lady, with a gift for making things bloom, and a friendly, generous word or pot of jam for the humblest.

The pattern of Mrs. Austin's later years made clear that her relation to the "folk tradition" was grounded and real—a matter of everyday living. To be sure I never met an Indian at her house, unless it were an exceptional one like Tony Luhan. Her relation to the Pueblos seemed generic, and I imagine that the sort of contacts with medicine men and others mentioned in "The Land of Little Rain" and many later books, belonged to her early years in the California desert. Her active share in the so-called "Indian Movement" had also ended some years ago. She had fostered the work of the Pueblo artists and had been a potent sponsor of the "Indian Arts Fund." But the main interest of her last years had gone to the Spanish Colonial tradition—to the efforts made in Santa Fe to revive and protect it. By a miracle her manuscript on this subject had gone to her publishers but two days before she died.

Even in material of this type, Mary Austin seemed to work more through intuition than through factual knowledge and was, as it were, a channel for currents she could scarcely analyze. Once she knew a thing *she knew it*,—she might even know better than an Indian or Mexican weaver what dye the woman was using and close her ears to a contradiction. This is, of course, why the academic or scientific expert often shied away from her work—it was not based on exact knowledge, in spite of the scientific terminology which often made the artist shy away from it. Such books as "The American Rhythm" and "Experiences Facing Death," for instance, occupy a sort of middle ground between art and knowledge—a ground emphatically Mary Austin's own.

Yet any vital contact with her, to my thinking, revealed that she did actually "know more" than she had ever expressed or could express, in poetry, romance, play, article, or philosophic essay. Otherwise said, she was a mystic, increasingly so, so steadily pondering the world beyond and the world within, so preoccupied of late years with death that she might long ago have sailed away into the empyrean, but for the earth woman—the folklorist, the queen of the kitchen and the garden who was the mystic's alter ego, and somehow tied her down to the mud and the granite and the sandhills of the Southwestern land.

Mrs. Austin's mind, searching and far reaching in grasp though it was, had an egocentric twist that seemed to work against it as an organ of knowledge. In New York where I first knew her in pre-war and post-war years it used to take the lead, at least on social occasions, in a way that often irritated those whom it did not instantly convert or dominate. Though ever grandiose and considerable, and ever strange —for Mary Austin never acquired the least New York veneer, and always, everywhere looked the part of the middle-class, mid-western woman steeped in desert sun who had come to the metropolis armed with the consciousness of genius —she frequently appeared almost naively dislocated and frustrated as a human being. And it is a fact that the world of editors and publishers and authors was for a time fairly evenly divided as to whether in truth she were to be reckoned a self-deluded crank or an authentic genius.

MARY AUSTIN

Now that we know her to have been indubitably a woman of tragic mold and outstanding insight—a genius of sorts—it seems a little sad that in those mixed companies where she used to "read the crystal" as a sort of parlor trick and where her manner of creation was discussed as a form of dementia—as, when writing the life of Christ, she rushed half clad through the streets about Washington Square—she was often misinterpreted and ridiculed. She had no gift, such as Amy Lowell had, for exploiting her own idiosyncrasies, and never ceased to suffer the curse of the outlander,—no, even though those who valued her always discounted her obvious immaturities. And even though, among artists, it never appeared "queer" that her connection with the underworld of the mind, the world of creation should sometimes submerge her—that she was not always the master but often the mastered.

Mary Austin's relation to New York, as also her contacts with "the great" abroad and at home and her many lecture trips among the lesser fry of the collectivity of the United States were, all the same, very precious to her and very necessary, no doubt, to the carving of that career of the author which she held dearer than any single human tie, any possible human relationship. Her denuded earlier years, her personal tragedy in the lonely desert, had forced this issue to the fore, and one has only to read her autobiography to realize to what a remarkable degree her destiny was self directed and her choice self made.

I should like, however, to insist that it was not until she at last returned to mid-America, and put down roots into its waterless soil that she seemed to come into her own—as woman, as writer, as mystic, as "genius." With every year in Santa Fe she grew gentler, richer in feeling, more related to earth and its creatures and less harried by her peccadillos — though it must be said that they never left her and startled her friends to the last. Mary Austin began in Santa Fe, too, as a storm centre; this town rather specializes in battles and her courage in fighting for lost causes and local issues of various kinds was fabulous and partisan to the point of frenzy. It is said that the editor of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, after some wild controversy, threatened to have her thrown out of the office if ever she returned. Yet Dana Johnson himself read one of Mary's poems about her death at her own funeral, and presided very tenderly at the Memorial Meeting recently held by the writers and artists.

I have mentioned Mary Austin's preoccupation with death as the plateau of life declined. This was not a mental twist, or a pathological phenomenon—she had certain serious organic difficulties through her last years which caused much pain and anxiety, and her religious mysticism, plus her physical state made her concentration on dying a part of *her* normal pattern. One did know, however, that if one took flowers to her death bed she would probably be found sitting up against the pillows clothed in her long Magdalen hair, writing a controversial article. Nothing pleased her better than to fool, outwit, and deride Father Time and the doctors. Almost every book she wrote was preceded by an acute illness; and sometimes, as her favorite niece told me, she seemed ready to die of sheer boredom, and "came to" because some great personage was in town, or because someone she loved was at hand.

She did not, I believe, actually turn to death with love and desire until after the publication of "Earth Horizon." It was as if the unburdening of this fated life story that to most Americans seems so rich, so remarkable, but to her seemed so poor, so much less than she had wanted or felt equal to, had produced the reconciliation, the acceptance of her life *as it had been*, instead of *as she wanted it to be*. That long illusion, which probably originated in her early home setting, that she might have led "everywoman's" life—instead of Mary Austin's life—was at last somewhat laid to rest, or sufficiently so for her will-to-live to begin to abate, her will-to-spiritual and-other-world experience to claim the real right of way.

I never saw her intimately after her most famous book came into the world that she did not refer to her death. Once on Park Avenue, clinging to my arm, she said in a pleading voice: "I shall never leave Santa Fe when I die—you know that? You think I will live on there near those Spanish and Indian people whom I have loved?" And again last October at her own door in the presence of two total and astonished strangers: "I charge you that if I die in California" (she was just starting on a lecture trip, condemned by her doctor) "you will see that I am brought back here—I count on my friends to do this for me . . ."

This fixed idea, which constantly recurred in her talk, makes her friends rejoice that she did indeed die in her sleep at the Casa Querida,—after a fortnight of Mary Hunter's company, after a mellow reading at the Poets' Roundup, after seeing two books to press and within a few months from the publication of "One Smoke Stories." She left behind a few unpublished poems; but a novel, and two long manuscripts, one on the structure of society and one on the nature of the religious consciousness, also remain together with many short stories, and many fragmentary manuscripts. Her work continued to the very end the central, basic joy, interest, and high adventure of her essentially lonely life,—even in serious illness she preferred, if possible, to manage alone or with the least possible nursing or service or friendly aid from her devoted neighbors. And to the end, although women loved her, although in theory she was a feminist, believing that women more than men carry the creative fire, she actually preferred the society of men, and depended on men for her deepest companionship.

Men and the Machine

THE FOUNDRY. By Albert Halper. New York: The Viking Press. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

IT may be that Mr. Halper is slowly working his way through his most obvious influence, to an expression that will be uniquely his own, but up to the present time his efforts reflect accurately the attitudes and methods of his mentor, Anderson. Like Anderson he is basically sincere, infinitely sensitive to emotion, eager to command the power of words, fecund, and compelled to attempt an externalization of the emotions, aspirations, and activities of the simple, the inarticulate, and the misunderstood. Also, like Anderson, he is verbose, diffuse in method, commonplace in his ideology and language. They possess in common the inability to depersonalize experiences that are purely personal, to lift these experiences to a plane where they would become universally acceptable, universally recognizable, and no longer an individual reaction to an individual sentiment. When, in a series of notes at the head of his novel, Mr. Halper introduces his characters in terms that read like a program note to a senior class play, he has inadvertently stripped his art to its essentials: "Jack Duffy, Max'l Steuben, Ezekiel Cranly—the three partners; each a specimen"; or "Nero—the shop-chairman; a sturdy soul, elected by the men." You must take his word for it that Duffy, Steuben, and Cranly are each a "specimen," that Nero is a "sturdy soul," for their creator seems unable to give them more than this.

That he has tried to give them more is amply evidenced by the long book in which they play their parts. The scene is the Fort Dearborn Electrotype Foundry, and when Mr. Halper is dealing with machines, again like Anderson, he becomes most articulate. He can give you their sights, sounds, and smells in terms that are terse, pared to the bone, and descriptive in no meager sense; by the time the book is ended, you know these machines and would recognize their sounds, heard from the windows of a strange building in an unfamiliar street. But the men who work the machines attain no such vitality. Yet they are amply described, generally in terms of their peculiarities—Max'l is fat, suffering from heart disease; Cranly is a martyr to hemorrhoids; Duffy to a sense of inferiority; August yearns to write music; old Charley is bothered by crippled legs and flies on his sensitive calvarium; Epstein is ridden by ambition. These characteristics become boiled down and represent tag-lines to the individuals, come in time to serve as symbols for the individuals themselves.

And largely through this inability to breathe life into his creations, Mr. Halper's novel remains amorphous, lumbering clumsily through chapter after chapter, in which nothing, literally, happens. The machines run, the men work, the fat boss stamps up and down the platforms; Cranly, tortured by piles and Max'l, cringes; Duffy blusters his hours away achieving nothing but his own destruction. No situation arises from these peoples' lives; no person achieves the heightened vitality of life, steps from the pages and walks on his own legs, and the situation which the author creates as the novel closes—the intimation of class-conscious revolt, led by the agitator Heitman, remains an artificial situation that does not spring from the ferment Mr. Halper should have stirred up, but is superimposed on the dead weight of the novel.

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Science for the Layman

SCIENCE FOR A NEW WORLD. By Sir J. Arthur Thomson. Edited by J. G. Crowther. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $3.75.

THE WORLD IN MODERN SCIENCE. By Leopold Infeld. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by F. S. C. NORTHROP

CONFUSING events in the marketplace have directed our attention away from the fundamental changes in the world of science. Eventually, however, our thought must return to the task of comprehending and adjusting our intellectual outlook to the discoveries of our mathematicians and biologists and physicists.

Social considerations themselves may require this. For just as Hobbes and Locke and Adam Smith found it necessary to adjust political and economic theory to the new intellectual outlook necessitated by the discoveries of Galileo, Descartes, and Newton, so, before our own social policy can again rest on trustworthy principles, we may be required to reconstruct political and economic theory in the light of the new philosophical outlook necessitated by the investigations of Einstein, T. H. Morgan, and De Broglie.

The reader who would gain an inkling of the diverse scientific materials with which such an undertaking must begin will find it interesting and worth while to read two unique books which have appeared.

The book which confines itself the more closely to a strict exposition of the scientific material is entitled "The World in Modern Science." Its author, Leopold Infeld, is Reader in Theoretical Physics in Lwów University in Poland. The translation into English is excellent. One may wonder, with so many expositions of science by English writers, why it is worth while to translate a study from the Polish. I doubt, however, if anyone who reads this book will ask this question. For it provides one of the best expositions in ordinary language of the empirical evidence, the fundamental ideas, and the logic of their discovery, in that branch of physics which treats of the constitution of matter and the theory of radiation. The exposition is beautiful in its clarity, logical order, and economy of expression, and positively moving in its dramatic quality. The author succeeds, without recourse to mathematical formulas, in preserving the sense of diverse experimental facts, the quantitative basis of the evidence, the clarity and logic of the reasoning, and the dramatic character of the climaxes in those developments which produced two of the most important and spectacular theories in the physics of our day. One observes and reasons one's way with Planck, Bohr, De Broglie, Heisenberg, Schrödinger, and Dirac into Quantum Theory and Wave Mechanics. As Einstein, who wrote a brief introduction, says: "Anyone who is anxious to acquire knowledge will find this book no less dramatic and absorbing than an exciting novel."

The other book is quite different in character. Originally planned by the late Sir J. Arthur Thomson of the University of Aberdeen, who excelled in the exposition of biological science, it contains an introduction by its final editor, J. G. Crowther, followed by fifteen articles, each by an expert in some field of science, or in some subject for which science is especially significant.

Most recent books on the philosophy of science have been written by men in the physical sciences. Equally important work has been done in mathematics and logic, the biological and social sciences and in general philosophy. This book calls attention to these factors and corrects the perspective. Nor are the physical sciences ignored. Professor Eve of McGill University writes an excellent chapter on The Trend in Physics. It retains a sense of the laboratory basis of everything while treating the theories in a philosophical manner. Excellent sections on chemistry and geology are also present. The relation of these sciences to physics on the one hand and biology on the other is indicated.

One of the outstanding articles opens the book. Its title is Heredity and Human Affairs. Its author is the clear-headed Professor Hogben of the University of London. This paper provides one of the few non-technical discussions of the relative influences of heredity and environment which is not vitiated by the vagueness of the terms involved. The reader should study it not merely for the important and exceedingly interesting information it contains, but also as an example of how a mind with a sense of the importance of logical analysis handles an exceedingly confusing subject.

This brings us to one of the unique merits of this book. It demonstrates the intellectual and logical as well as the factual side of scientific work. One gains a conception of science as a subject in which it is not a liability to be able to think as well as to observe. This is very important, as the shibboleth still persists that science consists merely in the gathering of facts. Professor Hogben's article demonstrates that this is necessary but not sufficient. Likewise, the excellent, thoughtful article on Astronomy by Professor Dingle indicates how facts have tended to become the terminus of scientific work in his science, the construction of mathematical models and the logical deduction of the results of observation being the procedure required.

In none of the articles does the importance of thought in scientific work become more evident than in the section on "Sociology as a Science." Its author, Christopher Dawson, is Lecturer in Cultural Evolution in Exeter University College. This is the most needed and most timely article in the book. It faces the question of the sense in which there can be a science of society and attempts to designate its subject matter. In the case of astronomy the answer to such a question is fairly evident since there is a reasonably definite sense in which it is true to say that there is an objective system of the heavenly bodies to be observed, quite independent of what we think its structure may be. But in the case of sociology the situation is by no means so clear. Consider our own society at the present moment. Would anyone say that President Roosevelt, in the social rules he lays down, is discovering an intrinsic order which is in society, in the sense in which the spiral distribution of astronomical matter is in the heavens? Yet certainly these ideas of President Roosevelt are determining the structure and character of society. Thus the question arises whether society is not a state of mind as much as a state of nature. Or to put the point in another way: In astronomy the fact determines the theory, whereas in sociology is there not a very important sense in which the theory determines the fact? If this be true, then there can be no genuine sociology until the ideas which determine the cultural pattern of a given epoch are considered. Whether this be true or not need not concern us here. The point to note is that the beginning of scientific wisdom is not the mere collection of facts, but the determination of the kind of fact one must possess in order to understand the subject-matter one is treating. Until this preliminary essentially philosophical analysis is carried through, no science really finds itself. It is the great merit of Mr. Dawson to have recognized this.

It is impossible to pass over the Reverend Mr. D'Arcy's section on Science and Theology. It demonstrates what a logically disciplined and informed metaphysical mind can do in a subject that moderns have made trivial. The writer uses words knowing what they mean. His intellectual house is well kept and in order. He knows what ideas are at the bottom of it and what are at the top. To be sure, Mr. D'Arcy is a Catholic and this makes it easy, some will say. But I wonder. My own experience as a teacher of logic gives me little evidence that people can move their ideas about with the precision, discipline, and relevance Mr. D'Arcy's article exhibits, even when a system is provided for them.

The article on Causality by Professor Planck, the discoverer of the atomicity of energy, illustrates how science has affected old philosophical doctrines and necessitated the construction of a new philosophical outlook. Professor Birkhoff of Harvard University, in the chapter on Mathematics, treats of the paradoxes at its foundations and indicates the contributions to mathematical theory from logic.

Next comes a profound and brilliantly expressed article on Recent Developments in Logic." It is written by Professor Aliotta of the University of Naples. Notwithstanding its title, the one topic it does not treat is logic. For knowledge concerning the tremendous advances made in this subject the reader must get what incidental information there is in Professor Birkhoff's section. Logic as used by Professor Aliotta, following Hegel's usage, is practically identical with metaphysics. What is actually treated is the metaphysical status of form or ideas in experience. As such, the article provides a penetrating survey from the Greeks through Kant, Hegel, Bradley, Bosanquet, Royce, and Croce to the Pragmatists. It forms a fitting consummation of a book which has the great merit of revealing science as involving the cultivation of the rational as well as the material side of man and nature.

The book closes with a very informing chapter by Professor Heath of the University of Swansea, entitled "Philosophy and Contemporary Science." It supplements Professor Aliotta's more sweeping systematic historical treatment of philosophy with indications of the more detailed and diverse analytical investigation going on in different parts of the Western World, and more particularly in England at Cambridge and Oxford.

To have revealed the intellectual side of science without obscuring its dependence upon experiment, while giving an exposition of the content of its theories, and directing one's attention to the reconstruction of our culture which they entail, is no mean achievement.

Double-Crostics: Number 24

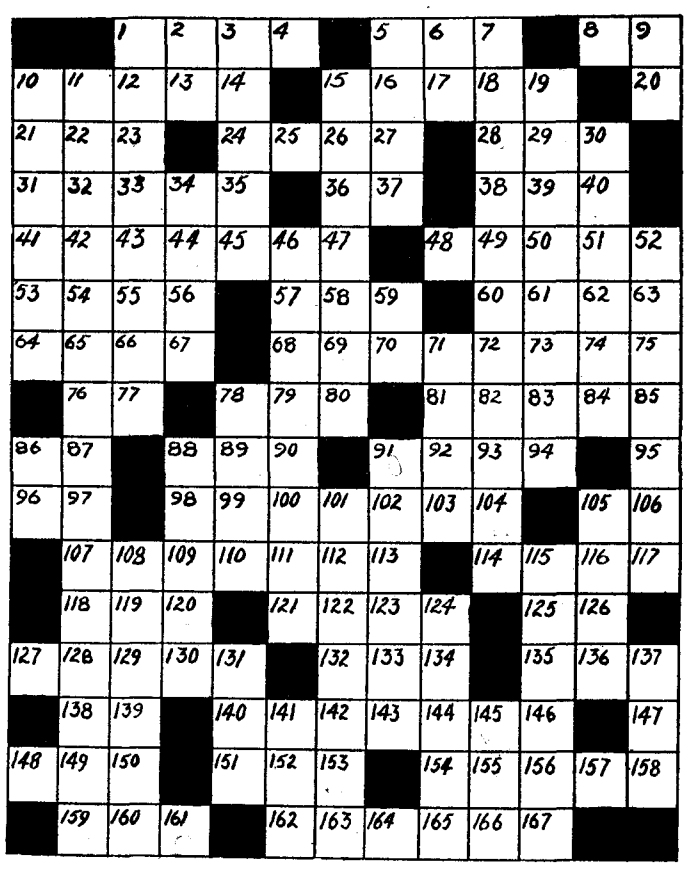
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 28-6-118-97-161-153-85-19. A hero of Warsaw (fiction).	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 139-44-56-127-23-70-4. North American Indian.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
III. 26-119-154. Circular surface or track; globe.	_ _ _
IV. 42-159-145-152-39-27. A Howells character.	_ _ _ _ _
V. 149-105-22-18-29-144-155-57. Biographer of his father-in-law.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VI. 76-124-37-146-136-113-7-158. Partial, prejudiced (comp.)	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 98-135-50-65-33-143-147-13. Son of Phoebus.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 92-77-24-112-88-74. No longer fruitful, useless.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 106-52-133-46-100-90-83. Battle described in "Marmion."	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 25-117-73-60-36-80-1-156-163-134. Now loyal to Hitler.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 45-11-75-79-103-67-38-93. Liquid wormwood.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XII. 137-16-10-84-99-30. Musical pageant play.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 51-95-107-20-12-40-5-59. Whack, punch.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIV. 55-17-116-63-48-122. Sprite-like, mischievous.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 150-21-15-114. Two-masted boat with smaller mast aft.	_ _ _ _
XVI. 140-89-31-109-82-53-61. Generic title of Egyptian rulers.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 34-126-101-110-120-54. Disciple of John the Baptist.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 142-78-123-160-115-166-8. Schumann's 3rd symphony.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIX. 66-141-131-72-58-167-14. Boiled, simmered.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 62-9-151-49-111-87-128-164-68. Circumvented by cunning.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 96-138-43-121-2-64-32-102-132-94-165. English journalist.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 41-130-108-81-125-157-71. Famous literary nights.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 104-69-91-47. Simpleton (colloquial and rare).	_ _ _ _
XXIV. 3-148-162-129-35-86. Demand for repetition.	_ _ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 23)

BURNS—"A BARD'S EPITAPH"

Reader attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

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HENRY W. NEVINSON'S
In the Dark Backward $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, N. Y.

Literature Abroad

By ERNEST BOYD

THERE are, I believe, proletarian literary critics in this country, but their zeal as proselytes of recent date is usually more in evidence than their sense of literature and criticism. For a less synthetic expression of the Communist point of view, I recommend that always entertaining writer Ilya Ehrenburg, whom I quoted here last month, and whose occasional contributions to the *New Masses* are in striking contrast to the doctrinaire querulousness of most of his American comrades. Readers of that delightful satire "Julio Jurenito" will have learned to expect more from Ilya Ehrenburg than the dreary reiteration of party dogma. "Vus Par Un Ecrivain d'U.R.S.S." (Paris: Gallimard) will not disappoint them. Here is a really live volume of hard-hitting, proletarian criticism, by a man who knows how to write.

The authors "Seen by a Writer of the U.S.S.R." are Georges Duhamel, André Gide, André Malraux, François Mauriac, Paul Morand, Jules Romains, and Miguel de Unamuno, and they are considered exclusively from the point of view of a cultured and cosmopolitan communist. Mr. Ehrenburg knows France and French literature well, several of his books have been translated into French, and he is a frequent contributor to the French reviews. He approaches his subjects, therefore, with the familiarity of first-hand knowledge and experience, not with that peculiar rancor of the outsider looking in, or of the convert who must hysterically renounce the idols he once worshipped. At the same time, his moral and literary values are so remote from those of middle-class capitalism, that he appears in some sort as a Messenger from a communist Mars, viewing bourgeois morality with disgusted detachment. The result is a number of illuminating comments on a group of prominent writers, whose severest critics have never considered them from exactly this point of view.

Mr. Ehrenburg begins with two general essays on the conditions of life and literature in modern France, the paradise of the cautious bourgeoisie, where moderation in all its forms is the essence of life. Quoting Paul Valéry's parallel between the temperate climate of France and the temperate psychology of the people, he argues that this is the temperature fatal to great enterprises. The miracle of French literature has been its ability to create great works of art out of essentially petty and unimportant material. "Out of a vain young ne'er-do-well, the quarrels of heirs, and the amorous sighs of an absurd provincial woman," French writers can produce a literary masterpiece. But what was material for a Balzac or a Flaubert no longer inspires writers today. They can go on eternally redescribing the same settled types, rewriting the same story, since the French seem to be "born writers," but they have nothing to say. Since the war they have tried going abroad for their subjects, but they are never Christopher Columbuses, merely tourists, usually trying to be facetious, "offering as exoticism their incomprehension of foreign life."

From the general to the particular, Mr. Ehrenburg proceeds to illustrate his contentions with specific examples. François Mauriac is admittedly one of the most distinguished French novelists of today, he writes extremely well, he is a member of the Academy. What, asks his Russian critic, are the themes of his works? What sort of picture of French life emerges from the pages of this staunch upholder of bourgeois civilization, this pillar of the Holy Catholic Church? "Religion and the family are the greatest helps to the moral progress of humanity," says Mauriac, but Ehrenburg retorts that "the sign of the cross alone cannot triumph over everything." In Mauriac's own novels one finds nothing but eternal stories of adultery, of mean family feuds about money, of illegitimate children, of bullying parents. The role of religion, though greatly stressed, is obviously purely decorative, and the real motives of these admired French families are "stock exchange operations, the buying and selling of real estate, and other pious works." No rabid atheist or revolutionary who wished to pillory bourgeois family life could give a more horrible description of it than that which occurs in almost every one of Mauriac's novels. In the destruction of bourgeois society, Mr. Ehrenburg concludes, the works of Mauriac will play a part.

After a beautiful excoriation of the Surréalistes, with special reference to their so-called "revolutionary" pretensions, Mr. Ehrenburg pays his disrespect to Paul Morand, pillorying him as the mouthpiece of Americanized, cocktail-drinking Paris of the jazz period. But today his occupation is gone. Fascism has provided other forms of amusement. If he wishes once more to be in the swim, he will have to change, not only his subjects, but his profession. His universal talents may enable him to do this, but then he will cease to be a subject for literary criticism. Amongst the Byzantine snobs who are unable to realize that the Turks are at the gates, Mr. Ehrenburg further includes André Maurois and Jean Cocteau. He compares these fashionable Parisian authors, with their fashionable receptions and fashionable "conversions" to Catholicism, to the Byzantine Empire before its fall: a study of snobbery rather than a valid literary criticism, this chapter. More to the point, and one of the best essays in the book, is that on Georges Duhamel, whom he labels a "machinoclast," because of his unreasoning phobia against machine civilization. Analyzing Duhamel's objections he very well points out that his irritation should be directed, not against the inventions themselves, but against the use to which they are put under capitalist civilization. "I know historians," says Ehrenburg, "who continue to be active communists, while studying the chronicles of the fourteenth century. I know specialists in ecclesiastical art who are also infatuated with Picasso." To know and admire the past does not necessarily mean that one despises the present, or sulks at it, as Duhamel does. Fox trots are not the only things transmitted by wireless. In a chapter devoted to the type of education given in a first-class Paris lycée Mr. Ehrenburg shows by what technique the young bourgeois minds are conditioned to a complete ignorance of the present stage in human development by nostalgic insistence upon the past.

Jules Romains is brought forward as a horrible example of what happens to a writer of talent when he sells his soul to the bourgeois devil. Mr. Ehrenburg certainly convicts him of uttering superficial and heartless judgments on Central European conditions such as one expects only from highly paid American writers for the national advertising weeklies. Of such stuff is Fascism made, he declares, and he warns Romains and those who share his illusions that, in the end, they will find that their true place is on the Marxist side of the barricade. For those who try to find a middle ground between revolution and reaction he coins a phrase, à propos of Unamuno. The latter, having advocated republicanism all his life, now finds himself in "no man's land," as are the Spanish intellectuals as a whole—"a literary café between the trenches." Mr. Ehrenburg gives them all the credit possible for their part in the liberation of Spain, but accuses them in the end of rallying behind the guardia civil and the middle-class investors. They remain, at bottom, literary gents.

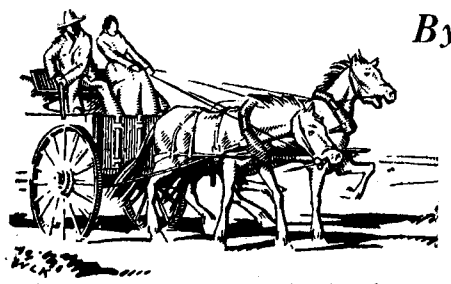
Yet, for a literary man *par excellence*, André Gide, Ehrenburg reserves his highest praise. Gide's adherence to communism is for him the logical crowning point of a fine and fearless career. Of André Malraux, who has been cited as a remarkable addition to the ranks of proletarian literature, he has many things to say in reservation against the theory that "La Condition Humaine" is a great revolutionary novel. His chief objection seems to be that the Chinese revolution itself and the Chinese people remain merely a sort of background to the personal histories of a group of conspirators. But at least, Malraux has looked outside of moribund France and found a real human theme.

Throughout his book Mr. Ehrenburg insistently refers to the high standing of literature in Soviet Russia. There all literatures are eagerly studied, the difficulty being to meet the demand. Elsewhere there is a plethora of books and writing paper, but nobody wants to think, and very few have anything to say. Intellectual cowardice is the mark of a dying régime. When Goebbels enters a library, his hand itches for a box of matches. Mr. Ehrenburg compares him to the Czarist prefect who fired his revolver into his soup plate because the soup was too hot. The U.S.S.R., he assures us, will never have to burn books. It is not afraid.

"A Fascinating Book—Recommended Without Reservation."—VANITY FAIR

DESERT WIFE

By HILDA FAUNCE

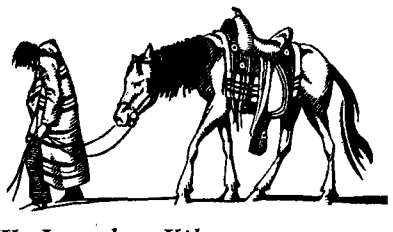


The New York Times Book Review says: "To be a 'desert wife' demands courage and fortitude and patience and in no small measure, heroism. All these Hilda Faunce had through the four years spent with her husband at a trading post in the Navajo Reservation. Her narrative deserves to stand high among the many books that have been written about the Indians of the Southwest."

Dane Coolidge, author of "The Navajo Indian," etc., says: "'Desert Wife' is indeed authentic and it is written with the bold spirit of a frontier woman who has learned not to be afraid. I lost a whole day's work reading it, but called it a vacation because it is such a wonderful picture of the country. This book is written in such an easy sweep of words that it is almost impossible to put it down. It is a good book, a veracious one, and packed with every little detail of Indian life. To read it is to live over four years of very human experience."

Amy Loveman in The Saturday Review of Literature says: "Mrs. Faunce's record is a chronicle of such pluck, such readiness in the face of danger, and such adaptability to unexpected emergency as would have done credit to the women of the covered wagon era. It is with a regretful sense of bidding farewell to interesting friends and acquaintances that one closes her book."

The New York Herald Tribune "Books" says: "Mrs. Faunce makes an unforgettable picture of a trading store and a desert people. Highly recommended, especially for city women who find their lives hard, dull or uninspired."



23 illustrations by W. Langdon Kihn

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Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY *Publishers*

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CORPSE IN COLD STORAGE *Milward Kennedy* (Kinsey: $2.)	Generally hated booster of down-at-heel English seaside resort found dead in ice-cream truck. Sir George Bull investigates.	From clouds of conversation rather good tale finally emerges, with unethical Sir G. and lovely lady netting honors and pelf.	Amusing
THE EBONY BOX *J. S. Fletcher* (Knopf: $2.)	Valet of English lord murdered and robbed, with Camberwell Chaney spotting the guilty parties.	More intrigue than mystery in this tale of curious goings on in high English society—and all engagingly done.	Not Fletcher's best
SECRET WAYS *Andrew Soutar* (Claude Kendall: $2.)	Diamond merchant killed in old English mansion. Eccentric Judge Cringle leads detectives through tangled clues.	Too much highfalutin' language obscures otherwise racy yarn of killer who got one man but wanted another.	Exasperating
MURDER OF THE HONEST BROKER *Willoughby Sharp* (Claude Kendall: $2.)	From floor of stock exchange to speaky and boudoir Inspector Bullock follows deadly trail of double killer.	*Curare,* faithful friend of mystery-mongers, pops up again in high financial circles—this time via telephone.	Old stuff

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A Plea for Laissez-Faire

INTRODUCTION TO WORLD ECONOMICS. By Kemper Simpson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLARK FOREMAN

IN this book Dr. Simpson attempts to show, by analyzing the economies of the United States, England, France, and Germany, that the only sensible course for the world to follow is that of laissez-faire as laid down by Adam Smith and his followers. There is no indication in the book that events in this century should cause the classical economic doctrines to be modified. The book is in fact merely a restatement, and the author offers no suggestion as to how the political difficulties can be offset and economic verities be allowed to rule.

The facts which Dr. Simpson assembles on the four countries are repetitious and confused and do not by any means correspond with the summary which begins the book. The last chapter, dealing with tariffs, is by far the best reading; the tariff seems to be the author's specialty. Even here, however, he merely says again that all tariffs are bad and suggests as a remedy that "a general agreement to reduce all tariffs by ten per cent the first year, ten per cent the second year and twenty per cent the third year would serve notice on inefficient industry, the world over, to reduce costs or liquidate."

Dr. Simpson is an advocate of "economic realism" and yet there is no indication in the book that it might be wise for some nations to be self-sufficient in case of war. As a classical economist he assumes permanent peace, and the unreality of such an assumption is never discussed. According to him Germany should forget how she suffered when her supplies were cut off by war, Russia should not think longer of the privations which her people endured during the economic boycott following the war. The impression is left that because England sells France coal, and in exchange buys wine and perfume, there is no need to worry about war. An "economic realism" which would have us believe that England would suffer as much as France if a war interrupted this trade, is of course indistinguishable from the most fervent idealism.

"Hate and greed made governments declare war against one another," writes Dr. Simpson; but he does not indicate how he will do away with these human characteristics in the future. He seems content to brand with bad names any effort of a nation to fortify itself against foreign competition. He thinks that it would be advisable to increase our exports in farm products, automobiles, etc., by sacrificing our textile industries, as these are not "peculiarly adaptable to the American economy." He is conscious of the fact that such a displacement would have its difficulties. "Although it is politically improbable," he writes, "it would be good economics."

"Good economics" need not necessarily be the greatest concern of a country. Even neglecting the possibility of making the textile industries more "peculiarly adaptable to the American economy," and the waste incurred in transportation of cotton from our fields to foreign mills, our government would certainly be doing its duty if it decided that for other good reasons it was advisable to keep a textile industry in this country regardless of "good economics."

Like so many classical economists influenced by the great English thinkers, Dr. Simpson has taken over the English moral judgments of English foreign policy. He looks upon the English as unselfishly interested in world development and decries the fact that internationalism is being destroyed by the "greed" and "selfishness" of other countries. One would think that a man with as much experience as Dr. Simpson would by now realize that English "international" policies were one and the same with English "national" policies. Or, to put it another way, it was to the selfish advantage of the English people to have free trade when their industries were the most efficient in the world. The same situation does not exist in America. It no longer exists even in England to the same extent, as is shown by her recent protective measures against Japanese exports.

It is high time for our economists to challenge their assumptions and think realistically instead of in terms of "economic realism."

Clark Foreman, a member of the staff in the Department of the Interior, is the author of "The New Internationalism."

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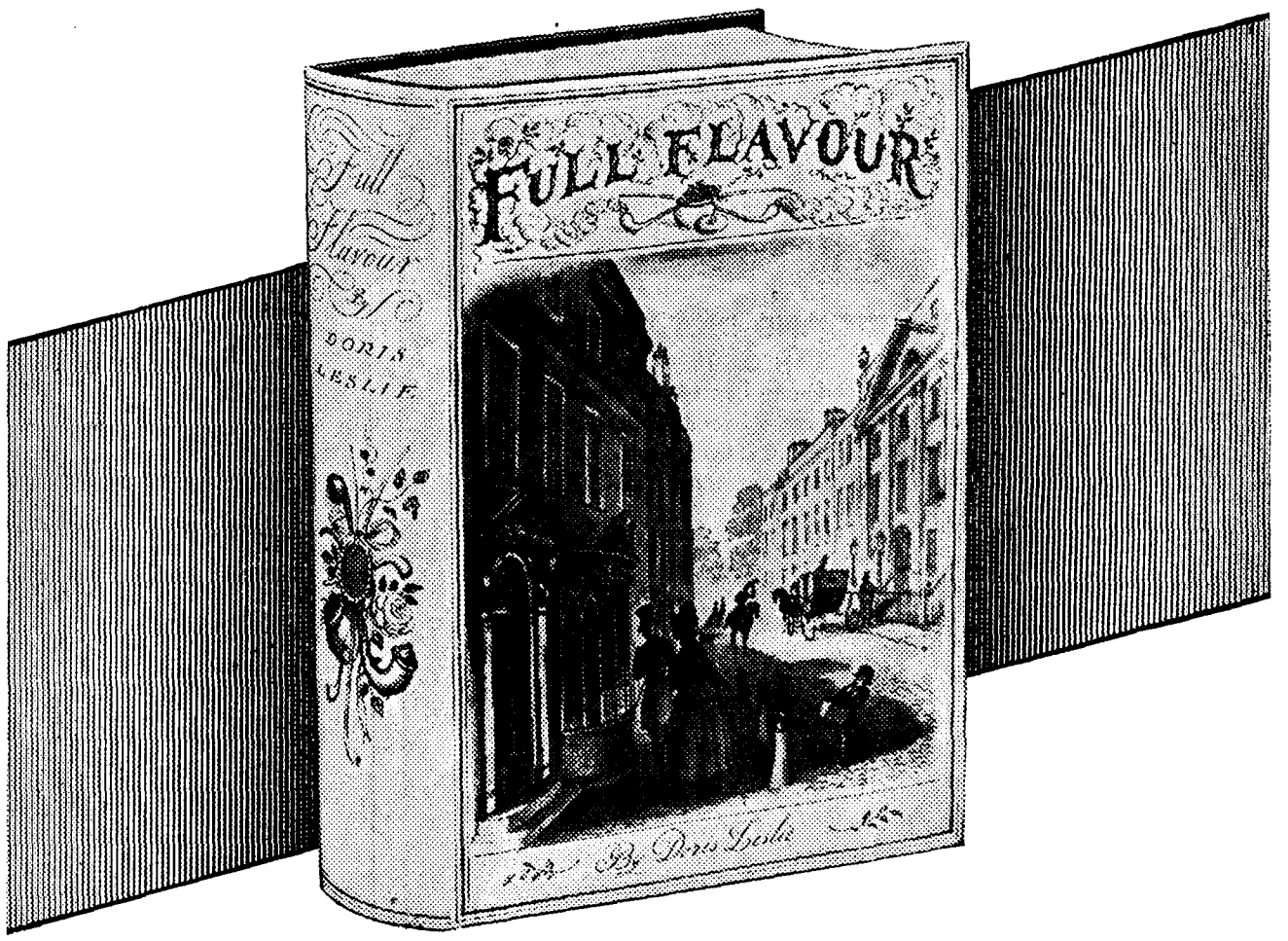

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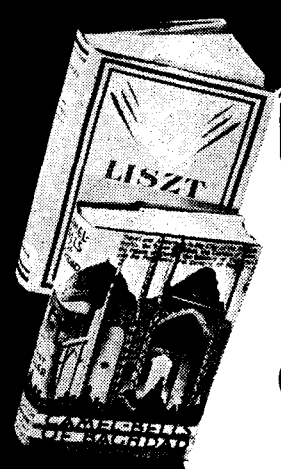

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The New Books

Fiction

CALM YOURSELF! By Edward Hope. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $2.

If Edward Hope were to be fatally injured by a taxi-cab tomorrow (which we devoutly trust will not be the case), his last moments would be cheered by the reflection that at least he was leaving the world a better place than he found it. There is considerable dissension as to just what the NRA, the AAA, and the rest of the alphabet soup have done towards alleviating the depression, but as to Mr. Hope's contribution there is no doubt whatever. "Calm Yourself!" exclaims Mr. Hope in soothing accents, and depression, for an hour or two at least, simply ceases to exist. All of which is merely to assert that this American Wodehouse has again rung the bell with his uproarious story of young Mr. Preston Patton, who had the bright idea of starting Confidential Services, Inc., as a means of relieving his own particular depression. In three hundred hilarious pages Mr. Patton manages, in the exercise of his chosen profession, to acquire successively a secretary, a baby, a proposal, a fiancée, and finally a job. Thanks very much, Mr. Hope!

S. W.

THE MONKEY'S TAIL. By Rebecca Scarlett. Scribners. 1934. $2.50.

This seems to be a first novel, and apparently Miss Scarlett was afraid she would never write another so she put in everything that was on her mind. A good deal of it is, in itself, interesting; but it merely overloads a story that was not built to carry any extra weight. The history of Sandra Ladd of Dammerskill, who was ruined by the rector in the barn after her true love threw her over, seems to have been intended only to carry Sandra's philosophy of earth-kinship and "body-thinking"; but the story failed to enthrall this reviewer, since Sandra got all the breaks, and the philosophy merely left him convinced that Sandra's function in life was to get ruined in the barn. But there are some shrewd comments, some truly observed minor characters; Miss Scarlett can probably turn out a much better book when she has learned the art —all too well known to most veteran writers—of spreading her material thinner.

E. D.

International

THE HERITAGE OF FREEDOM. By James T. Shotwell. Scribners. 1934. $1.75.

The problems of world peace that form the central theme of this volume are examined in a spirit of practical idealism, which is, apparently, a characteristic of many contemporary scholars in the field of social relationships. Professor Shotwell finds a possible application to international organization of the tradition of federal government that has developed on this continent; he succinctly exposes his conviction that the United States should actively assume its responsibilities as a great power and should participate more regularly and more fully than at present in conferences with other nations.

The elements of the American desire for isolation are easily traced to the tenets of the founders of the Republic and to the conditions of frontier existence, which have only recently disappeared; but these have been amply sufficient, since the turn of the century, to maintain the continued control of our foreign relations by the Senate. As a consequence, it has sometimes been awkward to negotiate adequately without securing in advance a close coöperation between this legislative body and the State Department. It is the opinion of the author that such coöperation is the prerequisite to a reasonable diplomacy, in times when the features of world affairs can alter considerably from one day to the next.

Though he would like to see the United States in the League, Professor Shotwell is quite conscious of the reasons and emotions which will continue to keep us outside this parliament of nations. As a compromise, he favors an optional application, in treaties, of economic and military sanctions against any aggressive power; this might abolish the paradoxical fact that the Kellogg Pact, which states our opposition to war, has not been implemented by measures that would ensure closer relations with the rest of the world, without which, in time of crisis, it would probably be unwise to act. The legal objections to such a proposal, however, are almost as great as the practical difficulties raised by the Bryan arbitration treaties, which the author criticizes thoroughly.

There is much encouragement, despite our self-sufficient attitude, in the schooling which we are acquiring, as evidenced by the many societies and classes for the study of foreign affairs and customs that have grown up since the war. Such an interest, it is implied, is necessary to the formation of the purposeful public opinion which should, theoretically, underlie official action in a democracy; and it is on this opinion that Professor Shotwell relies to reap the full international benefits of our liberal inheritance.

R. G.

Miscellaneous

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER. By Arthur Bryant. Longmans, Green. 1934. $2.

Mr. Bryant has gathered into a conveniently slim book a series of talks on the general subject of the English character that he gave over the radio last autumn for the British Broadcasting Company. There are doubtless disadvantages in having the radio a semi-government monopoly, as it is in England, rather than a free-for-all advertising medium, as it is here; but the quality of this volume is evidence that there are also distinct advantages in the English system, for in tone, content, and literary style these addresses are infinitely superior to anything that comes over an American network. Possibly many who listened to them only did so because no alternative program was offered to them; but perhaps even that was not a bad idea!

The volume falls into two parts, the first consisting of two general chapters on "The English Characteristic" and "The English Culture"; the second, of seven chapters descriptive of as many traditional English types—the country gentleman, the parson, the yeoman farmer, the craftsman, the merchant, the adventurer, the housewife. Mr. Bryant is steeped in the history and literature of his country, and not the least attractive feature of these sketches is their discriminating use of quotation. There is in them no suspicion of jingoism, but a very evident love of the English scene and the English people, with all their faults and virtues. On the whole, Mr. Bryant's listeners were probably cheered to discover that they were not so bad as, in these days, they perhaps thought they were.

S. W.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE TAVERN ROGUE *Robert Gordon Anderson* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50.)	Period Novel	The tremendous adventures of a nobleman's illegitimate and accomplished son set Elizabeth's London on its ear. The gent is sort of an English Villon.	Good
GAMBLIN' MAN *E. B. Mann* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Billy the Kid in a story that explains his exploits.	Interesting
IMPERSONATION OF A LADY *Maude Parker* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Novel	Broadway star invades small-town society by marriage to one of local sons. Ensues polite war with local lorgnetted big-bosom.	Good
THE ELECTRIC TORCH *Ethel M. Dell* (Putnam: $2.)	Romance	Ethel reverts to her Indian scene for a new feminine palpitator.	If you like

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

LIFE IN EXILE

E. W. of Las Vegas, Nevada, *wrote in some considerable time ago for suggestions as to the sources of information on famous exiles. "I want to know something of the existences, aims, and purposes of either voluntary or involuntary exiles after the fact. Not only historical figures, but literary and outstanding ones in fiction, as Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier Des Grieux."*

And E. W. goes on to say that her curiosity has been specially aroused as to one of the recent exiles—fugitive, I should rather term him—Samuel Insull. "I should like to creep into his mind and know his secret feelings."

THERE is, I imagine, the world of difference between the emotions of an Insull and the political prisoner or exile who has been banished through no volition of his own. Alas, the records of exile are being swollen hour by hour in these days of tragic political crises in Germany, as they were for years after the accession to power of the Soviet leaders and the assumption of the dictatorship in Italy by Mussolini. The German exiles have for the most part been silent as yet as to their experiences, though such a book as Ernst Toller's I WAS A GERMAN (Morrow) and Feuchtwanger's novel, THE OPPERMANNS (Viking) give an insight into the agony of mind incident on the banishment forced by the Nazi regime. Russia, of course, as the land which for so long a period enforced exile as a political expedient, has a large literature on the subject. A book, written by an American, which when it appeared a good many years ago was widely read in this country, gives a vivid picture of the Russian system, and might be a good volume to read by way of introduction to personal memoirs. This is George Kennan's SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM (Century). One of the most important records of exile by a Russian of the old regime is Alexander Herzen's MY EXILE IN SIBERIA (London: Hurst & Blachett); another is the autobiography of Catherine Breshkovsky (Little, Brown), the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, whose desperate illness was recently reported. Since the Revolution of 1917 there have, of course, been a large number of biographies and autobiographies by the victims of the overthrow—books such as THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS (Viking), by the Grand Duchess Marie, A WORLD CAN END (Smith & Haas), by Irina Skariatina, and the Grand Duke Alexander's MEMOIRS (Farrar & Rinehart). Another extremely interesting volume by an older revolutionary is Vladimir Zenzinov's THE ROAD TO OBLIVION (McBride), which takes on added quality from its ethnographic observations.

This subject of the literature of exile is enormous, and I can do nothing but try to scratch the surface here. For I no sooner start on the Russian exiles than I remember that great number of dispossessed who swept out of France after the Huguenot persecutions, and again in the following century. And there is that greatest exile of them all, Napoleon, for whose last years of absence from his native land there are THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT SAINT HELENA, edited by Forsyth from the LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF SIR HUDSON LOWE, and O'Meara's A VOICE FROM SAINT HELENA, an account by the physician who denounced Lowe's severities to his prisoner, among a legion of other books to consult. Another French exile of much later time, but one with whose name the civilized world also rang for years, has presented his own story of his experiences and emotions, Captain Alfred Dreyfus in FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE. I'm going now with a hop, skip, and a jump through the years and the countries regardless of chronology or order as a name happens to pop into my mind. There was Louis Kossuth, of course, who fled after the failure of the Hungarian Revolution, to Turkey, which backed by England and France, resisted all efforts at extradition on the part of Austria and Italy, and whence he went to England and America. He has left his own chronicle in MEMORIES OF MY EXILE (Appleton). There was Victor Hugo, whose introduction to PENDANT EXILE contains a section entitled "Ce Que C'est que l'Exile." There's that picturesque figure at the turn of the eighteenth century, Captain Winterfield, who in THE EXILE OF IRELAND left what are probably fictitious memoirs of "the life, voyages, travels, and wonderful adventures of Capt. Winterfield, who, after many successes and escapes in Europe and America with English forces, became a rebel chief in Ireland." There's Henry Anderson Bryden's AN EXILED SCOT (New Amsterdam Book Co.), being passages in the life of Ronald Cameron—his escape with Prince Charles in 1746, etc. And, oh heavens, there's all the Stuart literature! I can no more. As for fiction, of course, there's Scott with the Stuart exiles, and Edward Everett Hale's A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY (Altemus), to leap the centuries and the proprieties of literary history, and Richard Harding Davis's THE EXILES AND OTHER STORIES (Harpers), and for poetry Mrs. Norton's soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers (though perhaps he wasn't an exile in the proper sense of the word) and Macaulay's "A Jacobite's Epitaph." Whatever else E. W. reads she ought to read that. It's in the OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE and so easily available. Nevertheless, on second thought, just because I never read it without a stirring of the pulses, I'm adding it here so that E. W. can't escape it. Perhaps it will make up for the haphazard and entirely superficial character of my paragraphs on exiles.

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honors, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
Gray-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I ask'd, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

A HISTORY OF LITERATURE

M. D. L. of New Hartford, N. Y. *wants a readable, not too expensive, survey or history of English literature for "one of these modern college products who knows everything about economics and nothing about cultural subjects."*

The work that comes to mind at once as most likely to fill the bill is Garnett and Gosse's ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan), an illustrated record, which has been revised up to the year 1923. It's in four volumes, which is the one trouble in recommending it, for so extensive a survey is necessarily not inexpensive. What with the depression and all that fifteen dollars looks like a goodly sum even for a liberal education. If it's prohibitive, J. W. Cunliffe's PICTURE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (Appleton-Century), issued last year, might make a satisfactory substitute. The comment in this volume is much compressed, but the book has a wealth of highly interesting illustrations, and is extremely useful if not as good reading as the Garnett and Gosse.

ENGLISH NAMES

N. E. McC. of Collegeville, Pa. *asks for a handy guide to the pronunciation of English proper names. "I should like," he says, "to find an authoritative guide that will include only English names—such annoying words as Wristhesley, Launceston, Magdalen, Leominster. The pronouncing gazetteers appended to most dictionaries are entirely inadequate."*

I don't know whether such a thing as a guide which includes only English names exists, but there's an excellent one which in addition to other names includes English. That's THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES (Crowell), by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. I looked into it to see whether N. E. McC's four puzzlers were included. They were all there with their pronunciations attached. A hundred per cent efficient on the first try!

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The AMEN CORNER

"Thought shall be the harder,
Heart the keener,
Mood shall be the more,
As our might lessens."—

THE LAY OF THE BATTLE OF MALDON.

These lines on the title-page of *A Study of History*, by Arnold J. Toynbee, the first three volumes of which[1] the Oxford University Press[2] has already published ("It is clear from these first volumes," says the *Christian Science Monitor*, "that the work is of major importance."), might serve equally well for that most exciting book *These Hurrying Years*[3], An Historical Outline 1900-1933, by Gerald Heard, which we have read and re-read several times with undiminished interest since an advance copy first came our way. The Oxford Press has just brought it out this week.

Its theme is "the increasing consciousness of the human mind, increasing consciousness of a new revolutionary knowledge of what outer nature actually is, what the mind's own nature is, and of the mysterious relationship between them. In our generation that upheaval has reached the threshold . . . We are seeing the first fine cracks that show where the earth is about to split open." As he watches the old era breaking up, the new era dawning, Gerald Heard etches vivid portraits of individuals, summarizes brilliantly remarkable books, goes to the heart of movements in art, appraises the significance of new discoveries, traces world events from the death of Queen Victoria to the launching of Roosevelt's New Deal.

We understand why Harold Nicolson[4] calls it "one of the most illuminating, suggestive and dynamic volumes that I have read within the last twenty years;" and David Garnett says: "It is a fascinatingly interesting book which I cannot too strongly recommend. It has tremendous value." If you are at all interested in the world today—and who is not?—it is, in the Oxonian's opinion, a book you *must* read.

In our enthusiasm we mustn't forget to mention another book published on the same day, *The Technique of Painting*, by Hilaire Hiler.[5] It is a kind of painter's "cook book." The author reviews all methods of painting and gives most practical instruction in materials, tools, and processes, most wittily expressed. Sir William Rothenstein, who writes the Preface to the book, thinks it "the best written in recent years" on the subject.

The Oxonian started out to review the new *Oxford Fall List* for 1934 which lies on his desk. But it begins with *These Hurrying Years*, which has swept us off our feet. As all who know the productions of the Oxford Press will readily guess, however, the List is full of interest for the book-lover all the way through. You had better write for a copy and peruse it yourself. It is sent quite free of charge.

The next thing to look for, by the way, is the new cheap edition[6] of T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia)'s *Odyssey* scheduled for the 13th. Like the original edition, it is a very beautiful book, though quite different in binding, etc. The jacket is one of those one would like to frame.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) 3 vols. $17.50. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) $3.00. (4) Author of *Some People* in the *World's Classics*. 80c. Send for complete list. (5) $3.75. (6) $1.75.

It Won't Come Home to Roost!

You will want to have more than one copy of the Tenth Anniversary Number of *The Saturday Review* which is coming on October 6th. Once borrowed or stolen, your copy will probably not be returned. And why incite your literary friends to larceny when additional copies may be ordered at ten cents apiece from the Circulation Dept. of *The Saturday Review* at 25 West 45th St., New York City?

▼

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AN ALBLABOOK

THE above strikes me as a queer title, but "Alblabooks" is the general name given to a series of new and cheaper editions of good books issued by Alfred A. Knopf. They are books that have proved of permanent interest; and they are issued in a handsome uniform binding designed by my favorite *W. A. Dwiggins*. Among them are *André Gide's* "Travels in the Congo," and *Maurice Baring's* "In My End Is My Beginning." But what chiefly interests me is that *Genevieve Taggard's* "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson" is now available in this series. The Alblabooks cost two fifty apiece; but for a little more than you pay for the average novel you can now procure in Miss Taggard's book a lovely and subtle biography of our greatest American woman poet of the past. The story therein is unique, and so better than nine-tenths of the fiction you are likely to read; and *Emily Dickinson* has been approached by a finely poetic and critical mind of a high order of integrity. If you haven't read the book before and don't get it now, you are certainly missing something.

AN OXONIAN ON POETRY

This is to note that the Oxford Lectures on Poetry by *E. de Selincourt*, Honorary Fellow of University College and formerly Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, are now available from the Clarendon Press at Oxford, published in this country by the Oxford University Press at $3.75. I shall comment further upon this book later on. The last two lectures are upon the late Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, one whose works have already become part of the great poetry of the world. At his best Bridges was very fine, with an equipment and execution superior to the great majority of poets of our day. I think that his reputation will grow rather than diminish within the next quarter century.

THE PLEASURES OF POETRY

During an illness, *Edith Sitwell* chose her first series of extracts for "The Pleasures of Poetry" from Milton and the poets of the Augustan Age. There are now three series, the second being a selection from the poets of the Romantic Revival, the third from those of the Victorian Era. Each book has a sizable introduction, and the three are now published in this country by W. W. Norton & Company at two dollars each in a single format. Naturally Miss Sitwell's selections are idiosyncratic. She says she had no settled plan in compiling the books, merely gathering together those particular poems that most pleased her. Her prosodic analyses tend to become a little wearisome in her introductions. But she is never in the slightest doubt concerning the rightness of her opinions, and this gives definition and zest to her approach. The books are stimulating because they arouse one's own predilections to assert themselves, and there are enough fine poems included to remind us of others as fine apparently on the index expurgatorius. Milton, Herrick, Marvell, Dryden, Pope, and Smart fill the first book. The astonishing thing about the inclusions from *Milton* is that there is nothing from "Samson Agonistes," while a trivial song from "Arcades" gains a place. I am glad, however, to have the hymn to light from "Paradise Lost" and all of "Lycidas." *Herrick* was a very pretty poet, and enough of him is here. *Marvell* was almost a great one, and here, among others, is his greatest, "To His Coy Mistress." *Dryden's* "Alexander's Feast" is an amazing feat, and it is included. And if *Pope's* "Dunciad" delights you more than it does me, you can have your fill of it in these pages. *Smart's* "A Song of David" is, of course, a masterpiece after its kind; and I like what Miss Sitwell says about Smart.

In the second volume we have *Blake, Shelley* (not particularly well represented), *Keats* (astonishing that Miss Sitwell can include two sonnets such as "After Dark Vapors" and "On The Sea" and leave out "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" and the last sonnet—apparently it is done because the other two have been so much anthologized). Yet there are such inferior lines in the two sonnets she includes that they hardly do Keats justice. Also several of the Odes surpass the "Hymn to Pan," *Coleridge* (omitting "Christabel"), *Wordsworth, Byron, Moore,* and *Darley*. I could have dispensed with much Moore, and had more Darley; and what of Darley's contemporary *Thomas Lovell Beddoes*? Beddoes just missed greatness and makes Moore's poetry look like the treacle that most of it is. The third volume is strange. *Browning* just gets in last, by the skin of his teeth, with "In a Year," one of his comparatively inferior poems, while Omar Khayyám, without *Fitzgerald's* name, opens the book. Everyone knows that Fitzgerald made a loose paraphrase into great poetry. The credit for the "Rubáiyát" in English belongs to the English poet, not to the Persian tentmaker. Miss Sitwell makes much of *Swinburne's* "Ilicet." He wrote so many better poems, notably "Hertha" and "Super Flumina Babylonis," that one marvels at her closeted detachment from the heart-beat of great poetry. I admire both *Rossetti* and *Morris*, but when Browning is excluded as not truly representative of the Victorian era it seems to me that the preponderance of their poems here throws a strange light on the picture. Browning was of his time just as much as was *Tennyson*. *Poe* pops up as a Victorian; but how anyone can fail to see that "The Haunted Palace" is far superior to the rather silly "Annabel Lee" and the rather negligible "Romance," I, for one, cannot explain. But "To Helen" was perhaps Poe's most perfect poem, and is here. So is *Christina Rossetti's* "Goblin Market," a masterpiece she never approached thereafter. The volumes are worth buying and possessing, Miss Sitwell being one of the most interesting poets of our time.

THE WESTWARD STAR

His publishers tell me that *Frank Ernest Hill* has now delivered the manuscript of his long poem, "The Westward Star." It should prove to be a vital American narrative. He has written a novel in verse and has evolved a verse form that he thinks avoids the monotony of much blank verse and also the abrupt changes from one form to another. "I wanted," he says, "to show people going west as they really were. This meant, for instance, showing that many of them did it out of desperation, etc. etc." I shall look for this new book with interest.

Isidor Schneider is leaving the Macaulay Company to complete the novel he has been working on during the past year. He will continue with the shop group in the Macaulay Company as a representative of the Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

STUDIO—Some intelligent person is offered an opportunity to reasonably rent or share a well-lighted studio in central Manhattan, having large rooms, private elevator, and beautiful furnishings, including a Steinway concert grand. If adjectives had a real meaning any more, this would be a "perfect" studio for a successful artist, musician, or cultured individual. Box 898.

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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB CHOICE for September

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Let the Hurricane Roar
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By Irving Fineman
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PERSONALS

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ANGLING for Manhattan pal or two, perceptive, square-shooting, three-dimensional. Phyllida Ex-Provincial.

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PASSION (in the classical sense) prompts purveyor of literary pills to purge melancholy to address to literate and solvent readers of the *Saturday Review* the following passionate plea: Why be lonely? You, too, can be an after-dinner talker. You, too, can shine in the social firmament. Let me tell you what to read and where to get what to read. Address North Waller, c/o The Argus Book Shop, 333 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

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SEMPER PAEDICULI. In "Marlowe in London," Eccles praises Hotson. Hotson praises Eccles. Tucker Brooke praises both. Brooke writes: "Eccles gives us for the first time clear facts about the poet's residence in London during the period he was writing his greatest plays." I dissent. If Tucker Brooke will show me where Eccles proves that his protagonist wrote Tamburlane, or Dr. Faustus, I will donate $100.00 to any charity Brooke selects. George Frisbee.

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Odd Volumes

TO the collector, and even more to the bookseller, a broken set is cause for more acute distress than is a broken leg. The leg has a chance to mend, the set none at all. Every bookman has heard marvellous stories of sets being matched by a succession of coincidences that would shame the wood-pulp school of fiction—of a Volume One in Bangor and a Volume Two in Butte which contrive to reunite in Peoria or Peru. But the stories are never confirmable.

Any discussion of the odd volume, then, must be based on the hypothesis (in which there is no element of the hypothetical) that an odd volume never finds its true mate—the companion with which it set out on the ruinous journey that was to spell disaster to one and therefore to both. Is it, then, reasonable, ethical, sentimentally sound to match a Volume One to a Volume Two to which it has obviously never before been joined in wedlock? The fact of mismating is almost always glaringly patent even to the non-technical eye; a matched set of a Cooper novel, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," fairly screams its unhallowed status. No two sets of units undergo an identical sequence of experiences, are confronted by a parallel group of physical phenomena. Perhaps no two of us even hold a book exactly alike, and the structure of the book, though the book may conceivably remain a fine copy, will somehow not only accommodate itself to the manner in which it is held, but will make manifest the way in which it accommodates itself—certainly to the extent that two copies of the same edition, or two volumes of a set, will disclose distinctions of custodianship to the alert collector.

Now it was, of course, sheer chance that first brought a given Volume One and a given Volume Two together in the first place. Up to the original casual juxtaposition in bindery or stockroom neither was definitively destined for the other, any more than a specified gathering of sheets is ever preordained to constitute a single volume. The latter condition, indeed, has produced many familiar bibliographical puzzles of a superior order.

Once the set has gone out into the world, however, it is technically as indissoluble as a single volume. Thereafter any rearrangement of its component parts becomes as egregious a bit of tampering as the substitution of a signature from another volume. The substitution or insertion of a signature or a page is in most cases frowned upon by the cognoscenti, and properly, yet the grafting of wanting leaves from a hopelessly imperfect copy has the sanction of long tradition, and is certainly as respectable a procedure as the patching of a Tudor bedstead. But the book has to be rare and costly to lend the procedure the dignity it has acquired, and the fact of substitution must, of course, be proclaimed and not concealed. And thereby what would be at worst a fraud and at best a total destruction of sentimental and commercial value in the instance of a "Scarlet Letter" or a "Raven" or a "Way of All Flesh" becomes an accepted bibliophilic convention where a Caxton or a Shakespeare folio or a "Pilgrim's Progress" is concerned. It all sounds suspiciously like class legislation, and it is.

The matching of odd volumes, however, hardly involves the same quality of subterfuge—and the definition of subterfuge is here intended to be sufficiently broad to include deliberate self-deceit. Conceding, as this discussion does, the impossibility of actually bringing the original pair or trio or quartette together again, the collector must accept the next best thing: to wit, a set matched as closely as may be.

It is a paradox of book-collecting—a paradox of which the acceptance is made inevitable by circumstance—that the matching of Victorian novels in parts is eminently permissible. No one buying a "Pickwick" or a "Vanity Fair" supposes for a moment that he is acquiring the identical nineteen periodical issues that were bought month by month by John Smith of the Hammersmith Smiths at a shilling each nearly a century ago. On the excessively rare occasions when a "pure" set—the technical designation—appears in the auction room much is made of the fact of purity.

Some years ago a New York bookseller, after much searching on behalf of a Melville collector, secured from one out-of-town correspondent a copy of Volume One of "Clarel" and, a few days later, by a lucky chance, a copy of Volume Two from another. "Clarel," true to the trade fashions of the 70's, originally appeared in cloth of various hues—blue, terra cotta, green, perhaps others. The idea seems to have been to add a little gaiety to the retailer's shelves and thereby to ensnare the roving emptorial eye. The sequential volumes that reached the New York bookseller were bound, unfortunately, the one in blue and the other in terra cotta cloth, and while the 70's had approved mosaic shelf displays, they did not carry the style so far as to have the scheme apply within the individual set. The blue-terra cotta set, a sort of heaven-and-earth combination, was a vivid bit of miscegenation, but, in default of a better, the bookseller offered it to the collector with the recommendation that he take it—at, of course, a figure attuned to the chromatic variety of the bindings. The collector declined the offer. This was, as I say, some years ago, and the collector may since have found a set nearer to his heart's desire, but "Clarel" is a genuinely rare book, and he may still be waiting. What, O reader, would you have done?

Libraries as Collectors

THE out-of-print bookseller (as distinguished from the dealer in first editions and definitive rarities) disperses his wares to two groups of purchasers: individuals and institutions. The individuals include every sort—collectors, browsers, students, scholars, general readers, and tenants of new apartments with sixty feet of shelfage to fill. The institutions, apart from a few specialty purchasers (such as clubs, industrial units, motion-picture studios) are public or semi-public libraries. When one considers how drastically library appropriations have been cut during the past four years, one can well appreciate the fact that the antiquarian bookseller has been doing precious little library business.

Enforced economy has introduced one factor into the situation that is likely to persist even when appropriations are restored. Librarians in the larger communities have come to the conclusion that there has been much needless duplication of acquisitions in the past. Take, for example, the New England city of A, which has an admirable public library and an historical society whose own collection is particularly rich in genealogy. The historical society is not overendowed, but it has funds sufficient to acquire such new genealogies as are published (it is usually a long time between new genealogies) in addition to the out-of-print compilations which it lacks. The public library of A, which formerly bought an occasional genealogy of strong local interest, buys genealogies no more. If a representative of the X family applies at the public library for the X genealogy, he is referred to the historical society.

Such a concentration of reference collections has obvious advantages to the student, though it inevitably restricts the bookseller's market. But a ray of hope is discernible. Out of such a situation may well develop a phase of selective institutional collecting that, initiated and prosecuted with intelligence, thoroughness, and enthusiasm, could exploit the potentialities of public and semi-public libraries, particularly the former, to an impressive degree. The opportunities for public libraries to become repositories of special collections are not even limited to the number of libraries, for there is no reason why one library should confine its activities to a single field.

JOHN T. WINTERICH.

PERSONALS

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus spent his holiday at a roadside hot dog stand in a drizzle of rain, listening to a broadcast by William Green, president of the A. F. of L., uttering paregoric in Wichita. We do not believe that the economic problem will be settled by such panaceas as six-hour day and five-day week. Nor can we accept what seems to be his assumption, that the government must support everyone. But broody old Q., a great believer in the Life Force, thinks that the inherent kinetics of matter will muddle through somehow. The inscrutable vitality that curls the African's hair, explodes the snorts of hay fever and makes a Peruvian flea pop when approached by a lighted match, will scramble us through. Our present hankering is one of those new fountain pens with a word gauge that "tells the writer about how many words he has written—and how many he can write without refilling." The advertisement (Conklin Pen Company) says that 7034 words are 9½ writing hours. ☞A very timely exhibition of *Facsimiles and Forgeries* is being held in the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor. Says Howard Mumford Jones in introducing the exhibition's catalogue, "Extending from Noah to General Grant, the impressive demonstration of human eccentricity is at first sight a saddening spectacle." ☞The exhibit was of course suggested by the recent work of Carter & Pollard on certain spurious 19th century pamphlets. ☞The cataloguer very sensibly adds that none of the curiosities listed was acquired by the Library as genuine.

☞Eleanor Foote, of the Co-op Book Shop at Albany, writes that the first word she looked for in the new edition of Webster's International was *kinsprit*. In spite of earnest campaigning by many such, it is not there. ☞Archie Binns' admirable book *Lightship* has got off to a good start, which pleases Quercus greatly. ☞Another dark horse which we confidently recommend to genuine connoisseurs of crime and courtroom fiction is Russell Wakefield's *Hearken to the Evidence*. We go out of our way also to warn *against* Bruce Marshall's *Prayer for the Living* those who do not understand the extraordinary volatility and irreverence of the Scottish sense of absurdity.

☞Business in the Pacific looks good, judging by the snapshot of Harry Snyder

and Bill Hall taken by one of their Contented Customers under an okolehao palm near Honolulu. These two far flung distributors of print are now in Shanghai.

In Jacob Hauser's little multigraphed magazine *Chanticleer* we find an interesting biological analogy. Just as some species of animals become "over-ornamented, almost bizarre, just before extinction," so (says Mr. Hauser) "in the human species there is to be observed a similar tendency towards over-ornamentation . . . and an accompanying tendency towards their elimination." ☞This thought we shall keep in mind in examining the autumn literature. ☞John Cowper Powys says that in writing his autobiography (coming October 8th, Simon & Schuster) he has tried to write "as if I were confessing to a priest, a philosopher, and a wise old woman." ☞The senior Quercuses have been given credit this summer for various comments which they did not themselves write. This week therefore, to another of the vivacious series of Split Seconds, we attach the name of the exposurist himself.

SPLIT SECOND EXPOSURE NO. 5

By LOUIS GREENFIELD

The best selling book gag in America is an old stunt and one that gets plenty of play among the literary rags and book sheets. American publishers give extra advertising space to their tomes if they have mounted into the best selling column. Although this same bit of fun is played around with the European book presses the books are not given half the advertising value that our own publishers give. Your split second reporter ran his legs off to bring to *S. R. L.* readers the following dope:

Germany—This country crashes through with something new in bringing to the people certain books of national interest. The Department of Propaganda contains a book selection division. This division is composed of certain literary gents who choose twelve books each month—six in the non-fiction class and six in the poetry and fiction group. The six books in the non-fiction line are generally books dealing with contemporary social, economic, and national questions. As soon as the titles are released, all bookshops in Germany are notified of the selections, and it is then suggested to them that they be given attention. The Department of Propaganda prepares circulars, window display cards, and other advertising material to stimulate sales of these books. All bookshops thus give a simultaneous display to the books chosen. To stimulate reading of these books further, various prizes are offered to the public for articles concerning them. The books chosen for August include: *Neuadel aus Blut und Boden,* by Dorre; *Aufbau der Wirtschaft im Dritten Reich,* by Fritzsche; *Die Germanische Odal — oder Alloverfassung,* by Gauch; *Sozialismus und Auszenpolitik,* by Moeller van den Bruck; *Krisis und Neubau Europas,* by Rosenberg; *Die Staaten als Lebewesen,* by Springenschmid.

The books chosen for the German public in Germany are not necessarily the choices of the German reading public in New York. According to B. Westermann, 13 West 46th Street, German booksellers, their best sellers in fiction are: *Horst Wessel,* by Hanns Heinz Ewers; *Der Arzt Gion,* by Hans Carossa, and *Volk Ohne Raum,* by Hans Grimm. Hitler, Alfred Rosenberg, and Oswald Spengler are the popular authors in non-fiction.

Italy—The Italian reading public in New York invariably choose for their reading the same books that are favorably reviewed in Italian literary gazettes. According to Salvatore Viola, director of the Permanent Italian Book Exhibition, 2 West 46th Street, the most popular reading books of today in Italy are *Il Roveto In Fiamme,* by Virgilio Brocchi; *Berecche E La Guerra,* by Luigi Pirandello; and *Dante Vivo,* by Giovanni Papini. The first two are fiction and the last is a biography. In the non-fiction column *Cose Viste* (6th series), by Ugo Ojetta; *Giosue Carducci,* by Pietro Bargellini, and *Mente Puritana In Corpo Pagano,* by Beniamino De Ritis, are leading the list. The latter tome is a book of criticism about America written by an eminent Italian journalist stationed in New York. De Ritis is frequently compared to our H. L. Mencken. Books dealing with the State—*Corporatzioni*—are also in the popular class. In Italy, too, there is censorship concerning book publication. *All Quiet On The Western Front* was set up and printed in the Italian language. Just as it was about to be delivered to the bookshops, Mussolini put the clamps on it and prevented its sale. Italian importing firms did most of the purchasing, and the book sold extremely well in this country.

The division of Italian reading in the United States is divided in three groups. The Italians (natives) in this country purchase 50% of all Italian books. Class work in American colleges and universities grab off 35%, and 15% are sold to that American flock who have studied the language and continue to read it.

Doubleday, Doran

Previews for September

Remember THE SHINY NIGHT?

Here is a breathlessly beautiful novel, written with richness and passion, in exquisite prose, by the present-day author whose work is most constantly compared with the novels of Mary Webb. It is the story of the rise and fall of the ancient house of Starmont, in the exciting days of West Mercia of the 18th Century, when Dick Turpin offered violence to gentlemen on dark nights and gallantry to the ladies. It has all the drama and the magnificent simplicity of THE SHINY NIGHT. *Just out.* $2.50

THE LONG DAY CLOSES

by BEATRICE TUNSTALL

" . . . One from the prairie, one from the ocean, winds
Draw back a brawny arm with a shout and hurl
The fiery spear-shaft of American song . . ."

AMERICAN SONG

by PAUL ENGLE

"First poet of the New Deal"—*Wings,* of The Literary Guild. *Sixth Printing.* $1.75

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